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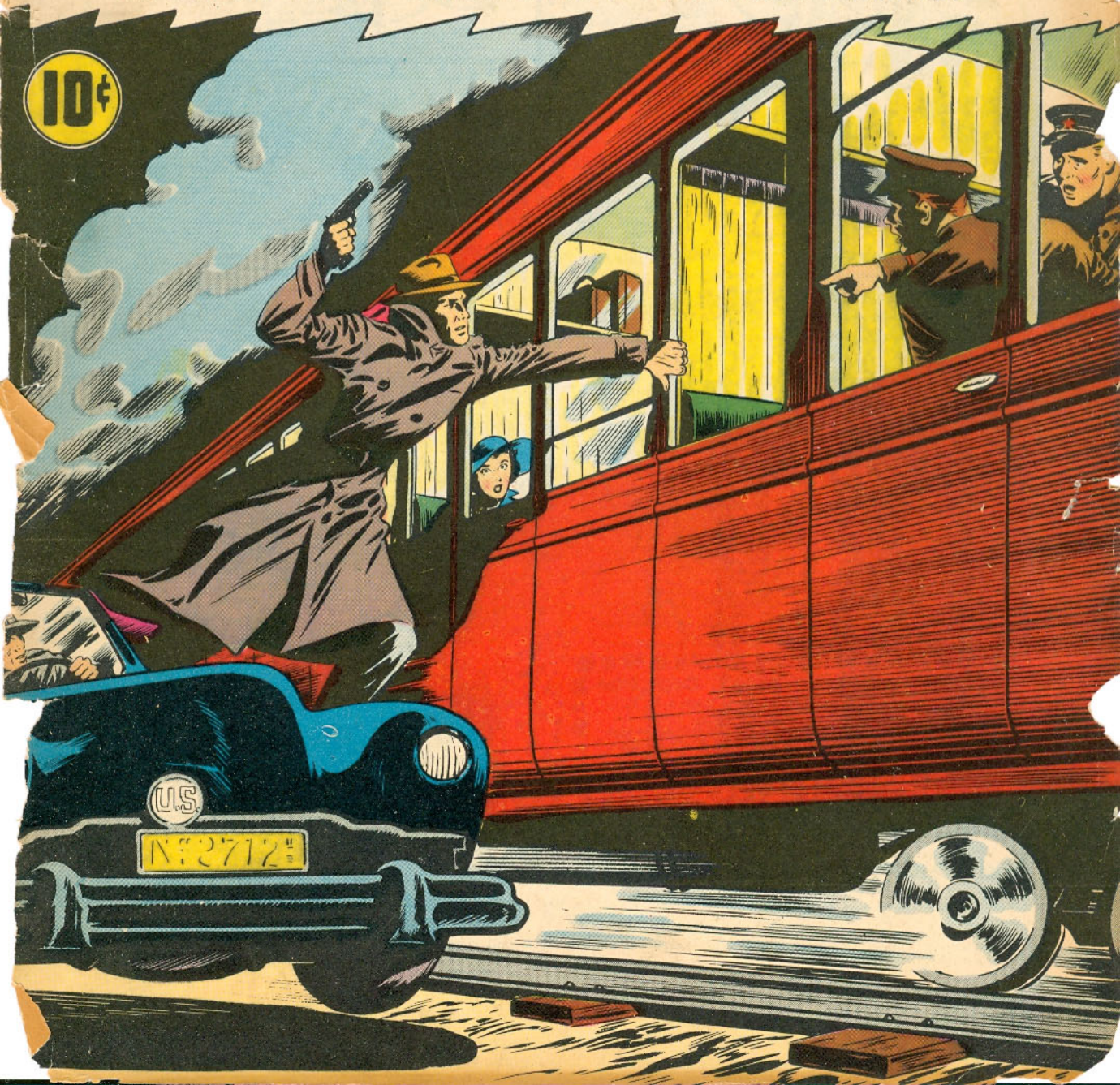
NO 6 JUNE-JULY

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

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I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
**WAVE MY
HAIR!**

I have
**RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!**

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... bottle of doll hair lotion.
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blue eyes that open
and close — she
drinks from her
bottle with rubber
nipple (included)
and then wets her
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legs and head — make her
stand, walk and sleep.

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- Lifelike Appearance
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GABLE** love-me baby **GORGEOUS BLONDIE**.
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is
of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**.
Every little mother will want **Blondie** for
her carriage. She's got **Blondie** curls aplenty,
and they're thick and long just like real
hair. **Blondie's** hair can be put up in ribbons
at night and tucked her in and watch her
long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes.
She rests soundly till her next day of
fun. Every child will have the time of
her life giving her body a bath and
powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER
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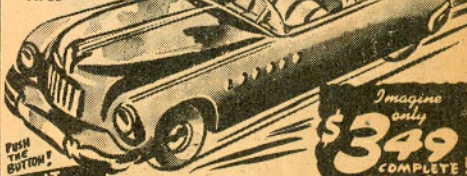
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daddy too. **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY! SEND NO MONEY!**
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Jonathan KENT

ESPIONAGE
ACE

YOU SAY THE PAROLE BOARD JUST PHONED THAT ONE OF THEIR NEW INVESTIGATORS, VIRGINIA ROBBINS, IS MISSING...BUT HOW COME THEY DIDN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH THE **POLICE**? WHAT'S THE ANGLE, CHIEF?

EVIDENTLY, THE GIRL HAD STUMBLED ONTO WHAT LOOKED LIKE A **SABOTAGE CASE**... DURING HER FIRST ROUTINE CHECKUP ON PAROLED CONVICTS! BUT SHE DIDN'T MENTION **WHICH** CONVICT SHE SUSPECTED WHEN SHE PHONED THE PAROLE BOARD...MERELY THAT SHE MIGHT BE DELAYED WHILE SHE TRIED TO GET MORE INFORMATION! KENT---I WANT **YOU** TO DIG UP THE REST!

A N INGENIOUS TIDAL DEATH TRAP...A CODE INVOLVING MILLIONS IN GOLD BULLION...AND A RUNNING BATTLE WITH EVERYTHING FROM BANK ROBBERS TO SAVAGE HEAD HUNTERS! ALL THIS IS JUST PART OF JONATHAN KENT'S LATEST CASE...THE KIND OF HAIR-TRIGGER MYSTERY THAT ONLY THE COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE CAN CRACK!

A HALF-HOUR LATER...AT THE PAROLE BOARD...

MISS ROBBINS LEFT HERE ON HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT AT 2:00 YESTERDAY AFTER-NOON...AND PHONED ABOUT HER SABOTAGE HUNCH AT 2:15!

I SEE! WELL...I THINK WE'VE GOT OUR **FIRST** LEAD IN THAT LIST OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO CHECK UP ON!

HERE'S THE **ONLY** ADDRESS VIRGINIA COULD HAVE REACHED WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE OFFICE! IT'S LISTED AS THE HOME OF **BONES BUTLER**... A VETERAN BANK ROBBER! GUESS THE NEXT STEP IS TO GET **HIS** STORY!

SOON AFTERWARD...IN A BLEAK WATERFRONT DISTRICT...

I'LL HAVE TO MOVE CAREFULLY! EVEN A PAROLED CONVICT HAS LEGAL RIGHTS...AND I WON'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON UNLESS I CAN **PROVE** THAT BUTLER'S INVOLVED IN VIRGINIA'S DIS-APPEARANCE...AND THAT ESPIONAGE OR SABOTAGE IS BEHIND **THAT!**

HE'S **SOME** KIND OF GOVERN-
MENT MAN...AND
THEM I CAN OUT-
FOX WITHOUT HALF
TRYING! LET HIM IN...
AN' PLAY DUMB!

ME KNOW ABOUT A MISSIN' PAROLE INVESTIGATOR? CHUM, YOU'D BETTER DO A LITTLE MORE SLEUTHIN'!

I'VE ALREADY DONE ENOUGH CLUE-HUNTING TO KNOW YOU'RE LYING, BUTLER! FOR EXAMPLE---THOSE FIVE SETS OF FOOTPRINTS I FOUND OUT-SIDE! FOUR OF THEM WERE UNDOUBTEDLY MADE BY YOU AND YOUR MEN---BUT THE **FIFTH SET** IS A CLEAR TIP THAT THE MISSING INVESTIGATOR IS **HERE!**

THAT'S FOR YOU TO **PROVE**, PAL! SUPPOSE I TELL YOU MY **GIRL FRIEND** LEFT THOSE FOOT-PRINTS?

I'D **STILL** SAY YOU WERE LYING! I NEVER MENTIONED VIRGINIA ROBBINS BY **NAME---** AND SINCE THIS WAS HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT, YOU'D HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING I WAS REFERRING TO A **WOMAN UN-LESS SHE IS HERE! GET UP!**

IF THERE'S ANYTHIN' WORSE THAN A GOVERNMENT EYE... IT'S A **SMART** GOVERNMENT EYE!

SOX!

BUTLER, I THINK YOU AND I ARE GOING TO DO **BUSINESS!**

POW!

FAST AS AN UNCOILED SPRING--- JONATHAN LUNGES!

NEVER RUSH AN EX-RANGER WITH A GUN. MUGG ---UNLESS YOU LIKE VIOLENT EXERCISE!

WAM!

ANYONE **ELSE** READY FOR A SWAN DIVE?

CRASH!

YEAH, WISE GUY--- YOU!

DON'T **POINT** THAT THING, RAT---I'M LIABLE TO START AIMING!

OW!

BANG!

SINCE THESE MUGGS CAN'T GUESS WHY I SUSPECT THEM---OR HOW MUCH I KNOW---ANOTHER BLUFF MAY REVEAL VIRGINIA'S WHEREABOUTS!

YOU SHOULD HAVE WISED YOURSELF UP ON HOW THE COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE OPERATES, BUTLER---BECAUSE WE NEVER MAKE A MOVE UNTIL WE'RE SURE OF THE ENTIRE SETUP!

BALONEY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT?

NOW I DO---AFTER YOU WERE DUMB ENOUGH TO GLANCE TOWARD THIS SWITCH! IF YOU RATS WERE ON THE LEVEL, YOU'D NEED A HOLE IN THE FLOOR ABOUT AS MUCH AS I NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD!

RRR-RRRR!

SEEMS PRETTY DEEP--AND YET THERE'S NO SIGN OF A LADDER OR STAIRWAY! DO I HAVE TO GUESS HOW YOU GET DOWN IN THERE, BUTLER?

NO, BUT--YOU WON'T HAVE TO GUESS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

BLAM!

NEAT, HUH? YOU'VE BEEN DYIN' TO MEET VIRGINIA ROBBING, PAL---AN' NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' YOUR WISH---BECAUSE YOU'RE DYIN' TOGETHER! TEN FEET OF WATER RUSHES INTO THAT CHAMBER EVERY TIME THE TIDE RISES AN' THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

THIS IS A KIND OF SUDDEN INTRODUCTION HONEY---BUT I'M JONATHAN KENT---ESPIONAGE! GUESS THIS TUNNEL PROVIDED A SECRET OUTLET TO THE BAY--BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THE GANG SPECIALIZED IN RUM RUNNING AND SMUGGLING!

WHATEVER IT WAS USED FOR---RIGHT NOW IT'S A PERFECT TRAP FOR US!

SLAM!

LET'S NOT TAKE A DIM VIEW YET, VIRGINIA! THERE'S A PATCH OF LIGHT AHEAD--AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT IF WATER CAN GET IN, WE CAN GET OUT!

I HOPE SO--BUT I'VE HEARD THAT FAINT, BOOMING NOISE BEFORE! THE TIDE'S RISING!

(!) MOMENT LATER...

BLAZES! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN WE'D FIND SOMETHING LIKE *THIS* AT THE ENTRANCE! THIS IS GOING TO NEED MORE MUSCLE THAN I'VE GOT, HONEY!

LOOK AT THOSE WAVES! THERE'S **NOTHING** WE CAN DO... **WE CAN'T STOP THE TIDE!**

AS THE FIRST LINE OF BREAKERS SEETHES INTO THE CHAMBER...

MAYBE WE CAN'T... BUT I KNOW A WAY TO USE ITS TREMENDOUS FORCE THAT **BUTLER** HASN'T THOUGHT OF! SCARE UP SOME ROPE... **FAST!**

WILL THESE PIECES DO? I'LL KNOT THEM TOGETHER!



THE MAIN CREST OF THE TIDE IS COMING IN! KEEP TO ONE SIDE WHEN IT HITS...AND THEN FOLLOW ME!

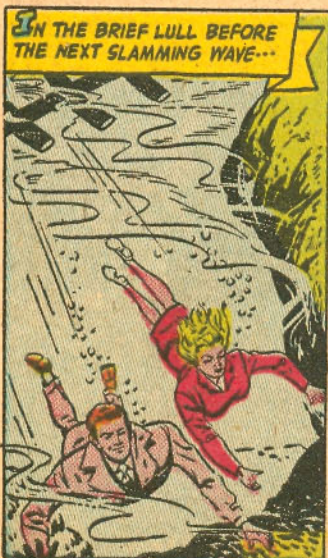
WOOSH!



Then... AS THE HEAVY BEAM IS SWEEP INWARD BY THE ONRUSHING WATER...

SEE? IT'S PULLED THAT RUSTED GRATING LOOSE!... **DIVE UNDER!** IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

CRASH!



IN THE BRIEF LULL BEFORE THE NEXT SLAMMING WAVE...



AFTER A DESPERATE BATTLE WITH THE UNDERTOW...

HEAVENS, JONATHAN... I'M AMAZED WE'RE ALIVE!

YEP...AND **THAT'S** GOING TO GO DOUBLE FOR **BUTLER!**

GONE... AND IF THOSE SUITCASES I NOTICED MEAN ANYTHING, THEY'RE MAKING A LONG TRIP! HERE'S WHERE YOUR SUSPICION THAT THEY'RE MIXED UP IN **SABOTAGE** MAY COME IN HANDY, VIRGINIA!

WELL... WHEN I REACHED HERE, I OVERHEARD BUTLER SAY THAT AS A FIRST STEP... ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS LOOK OVER THE RUINS! HE SNEERED THAT THE CHINESE REDS DON'T KNOW IT YET... BUT **THEY'RE GRABBING A FEW MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD!** **THAT'S** WHAT I PHONED THE PAROLE BOARD ABOUT... AND WHEN I SLIPPED BACK TO LEARN MORE, ONE OF THE GANG SPOTTED ME!



YOU CERTAINLY STUMBLED ONTO A KING-SIZED INTERNATIONAL PLOT, BABY...AND BUTLER'S HOLDING ALL THE ACES! THE KEY TO THAT GOLD HAUL THE GANG IS AFTER SEEMS TO BE IN **RUINS** OF SOME SORT... BUT **WHERE?**



JONATHAN...
LOOK! SOME-
ONE'S LISTEN-
ING!

SOMETHING'S GONE
WRONG...OR BUTLER
AND THE OTHERS
WOULD HAVE WAITED
FOR US!



HUG THE WALL,
VIRGINIA...
AND SNAP
THAT
SWITCH!

BANG!
BANG!

LEAPING QUICKLY...JONATHAN GRABS
THE CHANDELIER AS IT DROPS!



I'D ASK YOU IN, RATS...
BUT I WAS JUST ON
MY WAY OUT!

CRASH!

TOO BAD BUTLER
WASN'T AROUND TO
WARN YOU, BUD!



GET BACK, FANG
...WHILE I SEND
THIS DOG TO HIS
ANCESTORS!

BANG!

Then...
AS JONATHAN
WHIRLS...



SORRY, CHUM...BUT THAT'S
ONE REUNION I'M NOT
QUITE READY FOR!

AAAGH!

BANG!

(i) MOMENT LATER...

LOOK AT **THAT**, JONATHAN
...A MEMBERSHIP CARD IN
THE CHINESE COMMUNIST
PARTY! IF WE NEED ANY
PROOF THAT BUTLER'S
MIXED UP IN SOME KIND
OF CHINESE PLOT...
THERE IT IS!

MAYBE IT PROVES
A LOT MORE,
VIRGINIA!



IF BUTLER'S WORKING WITH THESE TWO CHINESE...
IT'S **AGAINST** WHAT IS LEFT OF THE NATIONAL-
IST GOVERNMENT! BUT FROM WHAT BUTLER HAD
SAID ABOUT THE CHINESE REDS NOT KNOWING
THAT THE GANG IS AFTER THE GOLD...IT'S
A SURE BET HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSING HIS
COMMUNIST PARTNERS! JUST HOW I CAN'T
GUESS...BECAUSE THE ONLY CLUE AMONG
THIS FELLOW'S PAPERS IS THAT HIS NAME

WAS **LI
HANG-
CHA!**



JUST ONE THIN LEAD... A **NAME!** I HATE TO SOUND PESSIMISTIC, BUT IT SEEMS AN IMPOSSIBLE CASE TO CRACK... EVEN FOR THE **COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE!**

WE HAVEN'T STARTED TO **WORK** YET, BABY! SUPPOSE WE GO TO HEADQUARTERS... AND START LINKING TOGETHER THOSE MYSTERIOUS RUINS, BONES BUTLER, AND A DEAD COMMUNIST AGENT CALLED LI HANG-CHA!

SOON AFTERWARD...

I WANT A BLANKET CHECKUP ON LI HANG-CHA, STEVE! WHERE HE CAME FROM, AND WHEN... FINGER-PRINTS AND CHEMICAL ANALYSIS... LAUNDRY MARKS AND CLOTHING LABELS! EDDIE, YOU CAN HANDLE THE USUAL INQUIRIES AT ALL GOVERNMENT AND PUBLIC AGENCIES!

RIGHT!



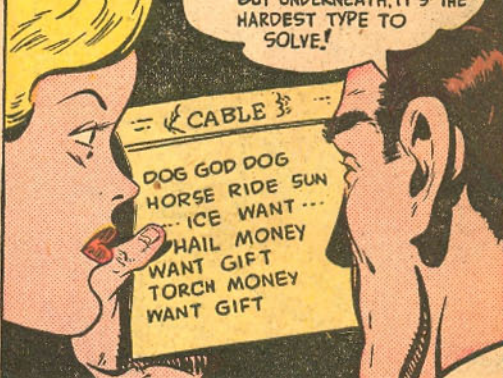
THAT EVENING...

THERE'S THE ONE CLUE THAT TURNED UP IN THE DRAGNET, KENT! AS YOU CAN SEE, IT MERELY COMPLICATES THE CASE... BY GIVING US ONE **MORE** DETAIL TO UNRAVEL!

COPY OF A CABLE MESSAGE ADDRESSED TO LI HANG-CHA... DATED **HONG KONG!** IT WAS PROBABLY SENT TO HIM BECAUSE BUTLER, AS AN EX-CON, FIGURED ANY MESSAGE BEARING HIS OWN NAME WOULD BE INTERCEPTED BY THE POLICE... **BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?**

CREEPERS... ALL I CAN GET OUT OF IT IS SOME QUEER KIND OF NURSERY RHYME!

THAT'S WHY THIS PARTICULAR CODE WAS CHOSEN BY THE GANG! IT HAS JUST ENOUGH VAGUE MEANING TO PASS THE CENSORS AS A STRAIGHT MESSAGE... BUT UNDERNEATH, IT'S THE HARDEST TYPE TO SOLVE!



YOU'VE BROKEN TOUGH CODES BEFORE, KENT... AND I'M COUNTING ON YOU **THIS** TIME!

I'M PRETTY SURE OF **ONE** ANGLE, CHIEF! BUTLER'S WORKING WITH SMART OPERATORS... AND IF HE'S TRYING TO PULL A FAST ONE, THERE'S ALSO A GOOD CHANCE THAT THE COMMUNISTS WILL TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS HIM! ANYWAY, **HONG KONG'S** THE STARTING POINT... AND WE WON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN THAT UNTIL THE CODE'S BEEN CRACKED!

I'D LIKE YOU TO STICK AROUND, VIRGINIA... BUT CHEWING PENCILS ALL NIGHT WOULD BE A TERRIFIC WASTE OF EACH OTHER'S COMPANY!

ALL RIGHT, JONATHAN! I'LL DROP BY IN THE MORNING TOO SEE HOW YOU'VE MADE OUT!

HONG KONG... LI HANG-CHA... A FORTUNE IN GOLD! HOUR AFTER HOUR, JONATHAN DOGGEDLY TRIES TO FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER... BUT THE CODE KEEPS ITS SECRET!

HI THERE, JOE! YOU WORKING ON SOMETHING TONIGHT, TOO?

TONIGHT? I HATE TO BREAK THE NEWS, PAL... BUT IT'S 9:00 A.M.!





AN HOUR LATER...

NOTHING?
HEAVENS, JONATHAN
--- THERE MUST BE A

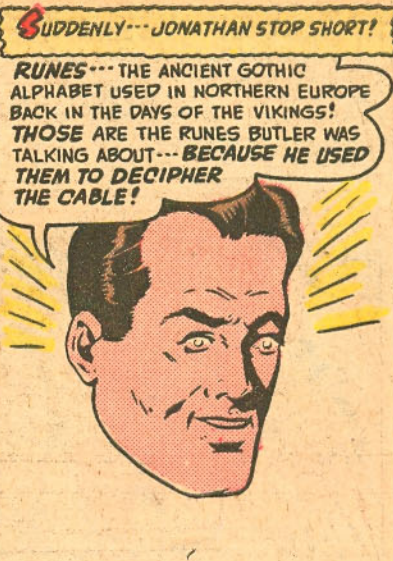
KEY OF
SOME
KIND!

SURE, **THOUSANDS**
OF 'EM--- IF I WANTED
A LIFETIME ASSIGN-
MENT FINDING THE
RIGHT ONE!



I WISH WE KNEW MORE ABOUT
THOSE RUIN BUTLER MENTIONED
LOOKING OVER! **THAT** MIGHT
GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO
WORK ON!

I WONDER! I'VE
SEEN PLENTY OF
THEM IN MY TRADE---
BUT I'VE NEVER
HEARD OF **RUINS**
BEING USED IN
A CODE!



SUDDENLY--- JONATHAN STOP SHORT!

RUNES--- THE ANCIENT GOTHIC
ALPHABET USED IN NORTHERN EUROPE
BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE VIKINGS!
THOSE ARE THE RUNES BUTLER WAS
TALKING ABOUT--- **BECAUSE HE USED**
THEM TO DECIPHER
THE CABLE!



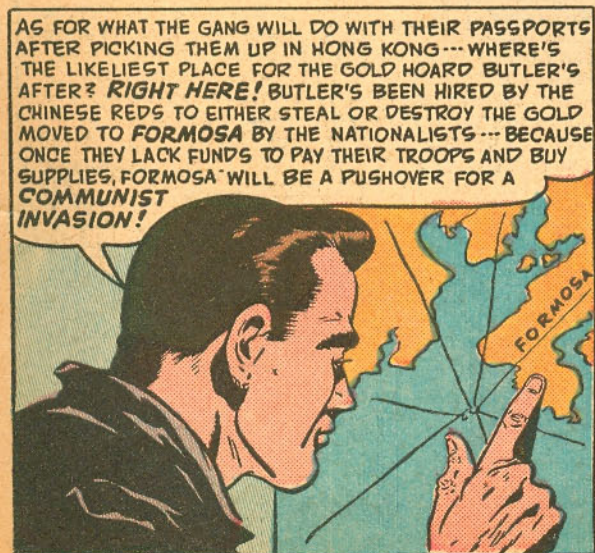
JONATHAN--- YOU'RE **RIGHT!** "DOG" IN THE GOTHIC
LANGUAGE WAS "**PAIRTHRA**"--- AND REPRESENTED
THE LETTER "**P**"! AND THERE'S "GOD"--- "**ANSUS**"
IN GOTHIC--- STANDING FOR "**A**"! THAT MEANS THE
FIRST THREE LETTERS
OF THE CODE
ARE **P-A-P!**

LET'S GET THE REST OF IT!
"HORSE" STANDS FOR "**E**"---
"RIDE" STANDS FOR "**R**"---
"SUN" STANDS FOR "**S**"!
--- **PAPERS!**

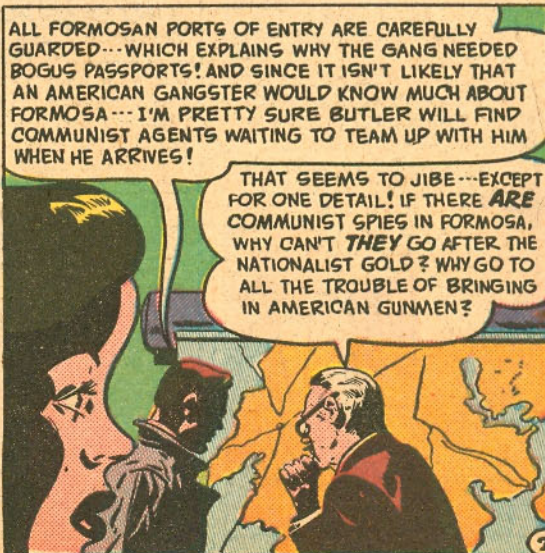


"PAPERS IN HONG KONG"! THAT HELPS
SOME KENT--- BUT
IT STILL DOESN'T
PROVE THE GANG'S
WHEREABOUTS, OR
WHAT THEY'RE UP
TO!

IT'S AS CLEAR AS A BLUEPRINT TO
ME, CHIEF! FIRST OFF, HONG KONG'S
THE CENTER FOR FAKE BRITISH PASS-
PORTS--- AND ANY **PAPERS** SECRET
ENOUGH FOR A CODE MESSAGE MUST
BE JUST THAT!



AS FOR WHAT THE GANG WILL DO WITH THEIR PASSPORTS
AFTER PICKING THEM UP IN HONG KONG--- WHERE'S
THE LIKELIEST PLACE FOR THE GOLD HOARD BUTLER'S
AFTER? **RIGHT HERE!** BUTLER'S BEEN HIRED BY THE
CHINESE REDS TO EITHER STEAL OR DESTROY THE GOLD
MOVED TO **FORMOSA** BY THE NATIONALISTS--- BECAUSE
ONCE THEY LACK FUNDS TO PAY THEIR TROOPS AND BUY
SUPPLIES, **FORMOSA** WILL BE A PUSHOVER FOR A
COMMUNIST
INVASION!



ALL FORMOSAN PORTS OF ENTRY ARE CAREFULLY
GUARDED--- WHICH EXPLAINS WHY THE GANG NEEDED
BOGUS PASSPORTS! AND SINCE IT ISN'T LIKELY THAT
AN AMERICAN GANGSTER WOULD KNOW MUCH ABOUT
FORMOSA--- I'M PRETTY SURE BUTLER WILL FIND
COMMUNIST AGENTS WAITING TO TEAM UP WITH HIM
WHEN HE ARRIVES!

THAT SEEMS TO JIBE--- EXCEPT
FOR ONE DETAIL! IF THERE **ARE**
COMMUNIST SPIES IN FORMOSA,
WHY CAN'T **THEY** GO AFTER THE
NATIONALIST GOLD? WHY GO TO
ALL THE TROUBLE OF BRINGING
IN AMERICAN GUNMEN?

I'LL COME UP WITH AN ANSWER TO **THAT** WHEN I FIND BUTLER, CHIEF! GET ME A BERTH ON THE ORIENT CLIPPER... I'LL BE READY TO LEAVE RIGHT AFTER I'VE HAD A WORD WITH THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR!

I'LL BE READY TO LEAVE TOO, JONATHAN! I DON'T MEAN TO CUT IN ON YOUR JOB, BUT **MY** JOB IS TO KEEP TRACK OF BONES BUTLER---NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES!

ALL RIGHT, BABY... YOU'RE IN! MAKE THAT **TWO** CLIPPER TICKETS FOR HONG KONG, CHIEF!

MR. K... YOU'RE A SWEET-HEART!



THE GOLD BULLION HAS BEEN HIDDEN IN THE SMALL VILLAGE OF FENGSSU...EIGHTY MILES SOUTH OF THE CAPITAL, TAIPEI! FENGSSU WAS CHOSEN BECAUSE THE SURROUNDING AREA IS HEAD HUNTER COUNTRY, AND THEREFORE AN OBSTACLE TO BANDITS, BUT WE DIDN'T THINK WE'D HAVE TO COPE WITH **AMERICAN** BANDITS!

AT THE CHINESE EMBASSY...

SINCE I'M PRETTY SURE I WON'T BE ABLE TO NAB THE GANG BEFORE IT LEAVES HONG KONG, THERE'S JUST ONE OTHER WAY TO CHECK THE PLOT! I'VE GOT TO LEARN SOMETHING THE COMMUNISTS **ALREADY** KNOW---THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD HOARD---AND TRY TO HEAD THEM OFF BEFORE THEY REACH IT!

THAT, MR. KENT, IS TOP SECRET! BUT IF THERE'S ANY BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WE CHINESE HAVE LEARNED TO TRUST---IT'S THE COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE!



BABY---I'VE GOT IT! ONE OF THE THINGS THE CHINESE REDS WANT **MOST** IS TO GET THE U.S. IN BAD WITH WHAT'S LEFT OF CHIANG'S GOVERNMENT! AND WHAT BETTER WAY WOULD THERE BE TO BRING **THAT** ABOUT THAN TO HAVE **AMERICANS** STEAL OR DESTROY THE GOLD?

MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO...IF I CAN REACH FENGSSU SOON ENOUGH!

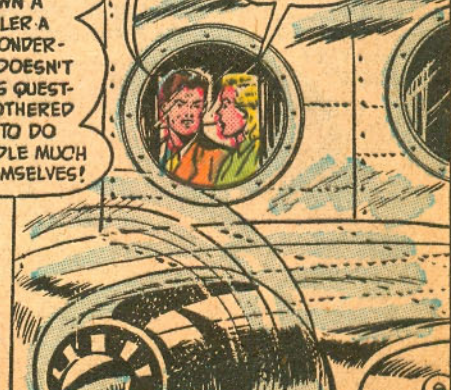
THERE ARE SEVERAL DEMILITARIZED NATIONALIST PLANES AT HONG KONG...AND I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE ONE AT YOUR DISPOSAL WHEN YOU ARRIVE! GOOD LUCK!

BY NIGHTFALL, WITH THE FIRST LAP OF THEIR JOURNEY FINISHED... JONATHAN AND VIRGINIA ARE ABOARD A HUGE AIRLINER DRONING OUT OVER THE PACIFIC!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, JONATHAN? I THOUGHT YOU HAD MOST OF THE DETAILS IRONED OUT BY NOW!

I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER THE GUESS I MADE YESTERDAY---THAT EXPERT DOUBLE-CROSSERS LIKE THE COMMUNISTS WON'T TURN DOWN A CHANCE TO GIVE BUTLER A GOING-OVER! I'M WONDERING WHETHER **THAT** DOESN'T TIE IN WITH THE CHIEF'S QUESTION---WHY THE REDS BOTHERED TO GET **AMERICANS** TO DO A JOB THEY CAN HANDLE MUCH MORE EASILY THEMSELVES!

BUT SUPPOSE BUTLER AND HIS MEN DON'T OPERATE OPENLY, JONATHAN? HOW WOULD ANYONE KNOW THEY'RE **AMERICANS** THEN?



THAT'S THE DOUBLE-CROSS I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, VIRGINIA! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE RED AGENTS IN FORMOSA ARE GOING TO MAKE SURE THE GANG IS IDENTIFIED AFTER THE JOB IS FINISHED... BY EITHER ARRANGING THE THUGS' CAPTURE, OR KILLING THEM OUTRIGHT!



TWO DAYS LATER... AT THE HONG KONG AIRFIELD...

I NEEDN'T TELL YOU HOW HANDY THAT JET FIGHTER WILL BE IN GETTING US ACROSS TO FORMOSA, CAPTAIN!



YOU NEEDN'T LAND AT THE FENGJU AIRSTRIP IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR ARRIVAL SECRET! THE JUNGLE ON THE OUTSKIRTS HAS BEEN CLEARED... AND OFFERS SEVERAL SAFE LANDING AREAS!

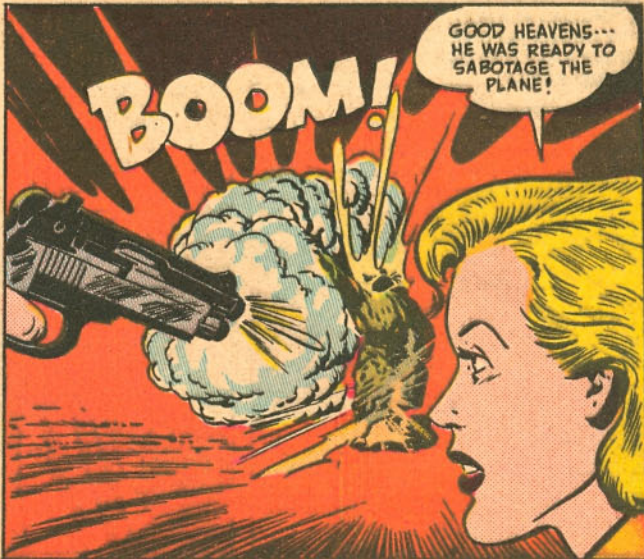
Suddenly...

OH-OH... RECOGNIZE HIM, VIRGINIA? IT'S LI HANG-CHA'S ACCOMPLICE... THE MAN WHO ESCAPED DURING THE GUN FIGHT AT THE HIDEOUT!



YOU HAVE LEARNED ABOUT HONG KONG... YOU HAVE COME TO HONG KONG... YOU WILL DIE IN HONG KONG!

YOUR NEEDLE'S STUCK, CHUM... AND SO ARE YOU!



GOOD HEAVENS... HE WAS READY TO SABOTAGE THE PLANE!

I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED BUTLER WOULD LEAVE THIS FELLOW IN HONG KONG TO BLOCK ANY PURSUIT! AS A CHINESE, HIS LOITERING AROUND THE AIRPORT WOULDN'T ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION!

WHILE HE IS STILL ABLE TO TALK, YOU HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO CHECK UP ON HIS ACCOMPLICES!



OUR AGENTS IN FORMOSA HAVE A LARGE BOMBER READY FOR BUTLER AND HIS MEN... THEIR ASSIGNMENT IS TO DROP A HEAVY BOMB ON THE GOLD TREASURY AT FENGJU... A HYDROCHLORIC-NITRIC ACID SOLUTION IN THE BOMB WILL DESTROY THE GOLD WITHOUT A TRACE... THERE'S A SECOND BOMB HIDDEN IN THE PLANE...

HIDDEN FROM BUTLER, EH? WHAT ABOUT IT?



THE ACID BOMB IS SUPPOSED TO BE DROPPED ON FENGSU AT 11:00 A.M.! TEN MINUTES LATER... THE HIDDEN TIME CHARGE... **WILL DESTROY BOTH THE PLANE AND THE GANG...**

JUST AS I THOUGHT! IN THAT WAY, AMPLE EVIDENCE IN THE WRECKAGE WILL **PROVE THE PLOT WAS CARRIED OUT BY AMERICANS!**

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT A **TWO-WAY DOUBLE-CROSS**, JONATHAN! THE REDS DON'T KNOW THAT BUTLER PLANS TO **STEAL THE GOLD**... AND HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT HIS PLANE WILL BE **BLOWN UP!**

I HATE TO DO THOSE RATS A FAVOR... BUT OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA WILL BE SNARLED UP **GOOD** IF THEIR BODIES ARE FOUND IN THE BOMBER! **WE'VE GOT EXACTLY TWENTY-EIGHT MINUTES TO WARN THEM!**



TRAVELING AT A 600 M.P.H. CLIP, JONATHAN AND VIRGINIA ARE OVER THE FORMOSA COAST WITHIN A FEW MINUTES... TURNING INLAND TOWARD FENGSU!

NO SIGN OF 'EM ON THE AIRSTRIP, VIRGINIA! WE'LL MAKE A SWING OVER THE JUNGLE!



Then... WITH THE MINUTE HAND OF JONATHAN'S WATCH CREEPING PAST 11:00...

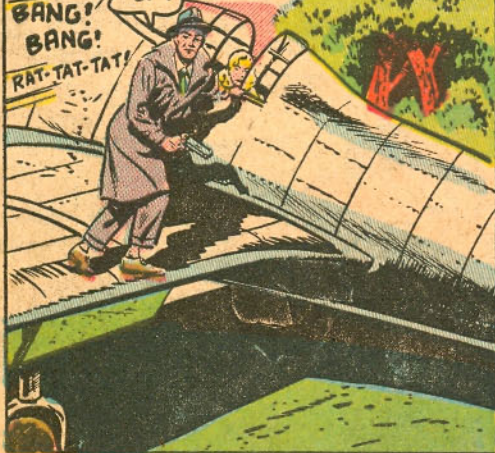
THERE THEY ARE... AND FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, THEY'RE READY FOR A FIGHT!



WELL, BABY... THEY'RE GETTING ONE!

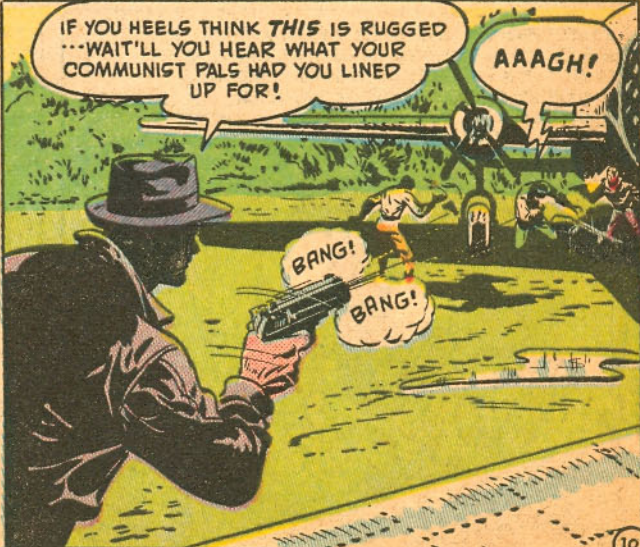


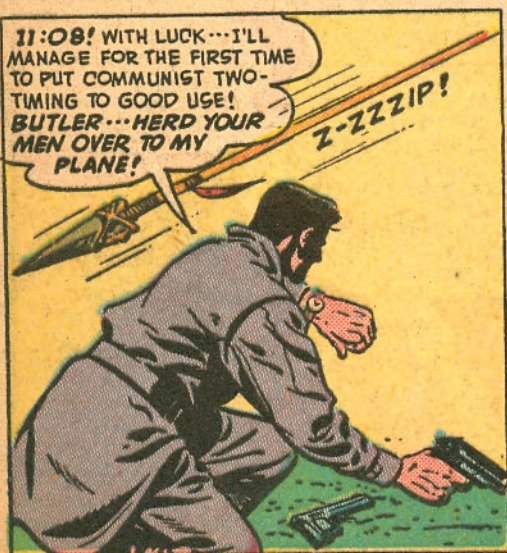
FUNNY... THEIR AIM'S WAY OFF! THEY CAN'T BE THAT RATTLED BY MY SHOWING UP!



IF YOU HEELS THINK **THIS** IS RUGGED... WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHAT YOUR COMMUNIST PALS HAD YOU LINED UP FOR!

AAAGH!





SECONDS LATER...AS JONATHAN CROUCHES TENSELY UNDER THE BOMBER...

IT'S A DIRTY TRICK TO LURE THEM CLOSER WITH MY LAST BULLET... BUT I THINK IT'D BE CONVENIENT TO GET US OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

YAA!
YA!

STICK AROUND, JOE... THINGS ARE GOING TO WARM UP FAST!

POW!

Then...AS THE HEAD HUNTERS SWARM AROUND THE PLANE...

TEN AFTER ELEVEN...ON THE NOSE! HOPE THE COMMUNISTS WHO PLANTED THAT BOMB DIDN'T FLUB THE TIMING MECHANISM!

YAA-HA!

THEY DIDN'T!

BOOM!

MINUTES LATER...

A TIME BOMB! THOSE SNEAKING COMMUNIST RATS...WE COULD HAVE BEEN IN THAT PLANE!

AND YOU COULD HAVE HAD IT LOADED WITH THE GOLD YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GET WHEN YOU LANDED! I GUESS ONE KNIFE IN THE BACK DESERVES ANOTHER, BUTLER!

BACK IN THE STATES...

I DIDN'T DREAM IT WOULD ALL TURN OUT SO WELL, JONATHAN...BUT THE NATIONALIST GOLD RESERVE IS SAFE, AND A DANGEROUS SPY RING'S BEEN SMASHED! WHAT'S MORE...WITH BUTLER BEHIND BARS, I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM ANY LONGER!

THAT'S WHERE I COME IN, BABY... BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BE REPORTING TO YOU REGULARLY!

WATCH FOR JONATHAN KENT'S NEXT ASSIGNMENT...IN THE COMING ISSUE!

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"LASSOING THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME AGAIN, FELLAS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE BARS ARE BETWEEN ME AND THAT LION THERE... HE SURE IS HUNGRY-LOOKING!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER... THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER THE ESCAPED LION...

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE!

THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!

...BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!

AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN TO THAT LION IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD I WAS RIDING ON U.S. ROYALS... THEY ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS TIME THEY SAVED LIVES!

BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY! DON'T TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!

"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

STRIKEOUT

THE Secret Service men were worried—and they had good reason to be! For theirs was the task of guarding the President, the Vice-President, and all the top military brass and high Defense Department officials—all of whom were still scheduled to attend the opening game of the baseball season, in spite of warnings by the Counter-Espionage Service.

It was only after plans for attending the ballgame had been made that Intelligence agents got wind of a plot to assassinate the assembled officials. And then it suddenly dawned on them that there was an even more insidious purpose to the suspected plot—for the men who would be seated in the President's grandstand box happened to be the only ones in the entire country who knew the exact location of the top-secret atomic bomb stockpiles! One high-explosive grenade hurled into their midst would leave America leaderless—and also powerless to retaliate in the event of an immediate atomic bomb attack on the country!

In the face of these facts, the Counter-Espionage agents had pleaded with the President to abandon plans to attend the game, but the President had insisted that everything go according to schedule. He'd smiled and told the Intelligence men that he had the utmost confidence in their ability to protect him, and furthermore it was vitally important to learn the identity of the members of the spy ring—and that could only be done by baiting the assassin with the presence of all the high officials, and then capturing him and making him talk.

And so the day of the ballgame dawned, with all the officials in the President's box, and almost the entire Secret Service

force spread throughout the stands—and still worried. The President threw out the first ball, and the loudspeaker roared—"Pitching for Washington—GILLESPIE!"

An excited buzz spread throughout the stands. "*Gillespie . . . never heard of him . . . they must be crazy, using a rookie on opening day . . .*"

After Gillespie's first few pitches, the opposing batters began grinning. "He's got no curves, no sliders, no change of pace," they told each other. "Nothin' but a straight fast one, right down the middle—we'll bat 'im silly!"

With the count three and two on the batter, men on first and third, Gillespie noticed the man creeping along the top of the grandstand roof about the President's box, out of sight of the Secret Service men. Gillespie wound up, the man began drawing a grenade out of his pocket—and Gillespie threw his straight fast one!

"*Wild pitch!*" the crowd roared. But Gillespie, ace minor-league pitcher turned Intelligence agent, only grinned as he watched the ball strike the would-be assassin on the skull and saw the man topple off the grandstand roof into the waiting arms of the Secret Service men below!

After the excitement had died down, the umpire shouted, "C'mon, Gillespie, start pitchin'! That last pitch was a ball, wide of the plate—the man walked!"

Gillespie tossed his glove to the regular Washington pitcher who was coming out to the mound, and grinned again. "You're blind as a bat, ump!" Gillespie called. "That pitch was a strike—and I struck him out!"

MENACE IN MADAGASCAR



MADAGASCAR -- land of many races -- and many **MYSTERIES!** A primitive, warlike land, still paying homage to dread spirits and gods -- but **VITAL** to modern American security! And when that security is threatened, a lone man is sent out to stop the **MENACE IN MADAGASCAR** -- **ONE MAN** against hate-maddened natives, aroused by America's most cunning and dangerous adversary!

Opden Whitney

MADAGASCAR?
BUT, CHIEF -- WHY
ON EARTH ARE YOU
SENDING ME
THERE?

BECAUSE THERE'S **TROUBLE** ON
THAT ISLAND, ERNIE -- AND YOU'RE
THE BEST TROUBLE-SHOOTER IN
THE ESPIONAGE CORPS! WE HAVE
REPORTS THAT THE MALAGASY
NATIVES ARE ON THE BRINK OF
REVOLT, AND ARE BEING STIRRED
UP BY A RABBLE-ROUSER WHO
CLAIMS HE IS THE GODLIKE
REINCARNATION OF **RADAMA**,
AN ANCIENT NATIVE HERO!

I SEE -- BUT
WHY SHOULD
THAT CONCERN THE
ESPIONAGE
SERVICE?

YOU'LL UNDERSTAND -- WHEN I TELL
YOU THAT THERE ARE VAST
SOURCES OF **BETAFITE** IN
AMBATOLAMPIKELY ON MADA-
GASCAR -- PRACTICALLY ALL THE
KNOWN BETAFITE DEPOSITS IN THE
WORLD! AND BETAFITE HAPPENS TO
YIELD 30 PERCENT OF **URANIUM** --
WHILE AMERICAN SOURCES NEVER
PRODUCE MORE THAN 2 PERCENT! WE
NEED THAT BETAFITE URANIUM -- AND
THE NATIVE REVOLT THREATENS TO
CUT OFF OUR SUPPLY!



WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF **RADAMA** IS THE PAID AGENT OF A FOREIGN COUNTRY THAT ALSO WANTS THE URANIUM -- TO USE AGAINST **US**! EVEN NOW THE BETAFITE, WHICH IS CLOSE TO THE SURFACE AND EASILY MINED, IS BEING SMUGGLED TO THAT COUNTRY-- EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT WITH THE FRENCH, WHO RUN THE ISLAND! AN ENEMY-INSPIRED NATIVE REVOLT WOULD PLACE **ALL** THE URANIUM IN ENEMY HANDS!



YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THAT REVOLT **BEFORE** IT STARTS, ERNIE -- BECAUSE WITH OVER **FOUR MILLION** NATIVES AGAINST ONLY 30,000 FRENCH ON THE ISLAND, A REVOLUTION WOULD BE **DISASTROUS!**

MADAGASCAR --HERE I COME!



A WEEK LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF AMBATOLAMPIKELY, MADAGASCAR...

WHAT -- THEY SEND AN **AMERICAN** TO TRY TO CAPTURE RADAMA? HOW DO THEY EXPECT **YOU** TO SUCCEED WHEN **I** HAVE FAILED TO FIND EVEN HIS **TRACKS**, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT I KNOW THIS ISLAND FROM CORNER TO CORNER? BELIEVE ME, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME HERE!

SORRY, INSPECTOR DUCHESNE, I'VE GOT **MY** ORDERS -- AND HERE ARE **YOURS**! THESE FRENCH DOCUMENTS INSTRUCT YOU TO GIVE ME EVERY AID POSSIBLE IN TRACKING DOWN RADAMA!



IT'S PURE FOLLY -- BUT SINCE I'M A LOYAL FRENCHMAN, I'LL COOPERATE TO THE FULLEST EXTENT! BUT HOW CAN I HELP WHEN NO ONE EVEN KNOWS WHO RADAMA **IS**! WHENEVER HE APPEARS AMONG THE NATIVES, HE WEARS THE SACRED SECRET MASK, BECAUSE IT IS DEATH TO LOOK UPON THE FACE OF A NATIVE GOD!

FATHER -- I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU!



THE MEN DOWN AT THE BETAFITE PITS ARE ABOUT TO **REVOLT** -- THEY'VE THROWN DOWN THEIR TOOLS AND ARE HOLDING A BIG MASS MEETING!

REVOLT, EH? THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE TO STOP -- **LET'S GO!**



VERY WELL -- PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO KEEP THESE NATIVES IN LINE! JAMA, THIS IS AN AMERICAN AGENT, ERNEST BARNES -- WHO SEEMS TO THINK HE CAN CAPTURE RADAMA SINGLE-HANDEDLY!

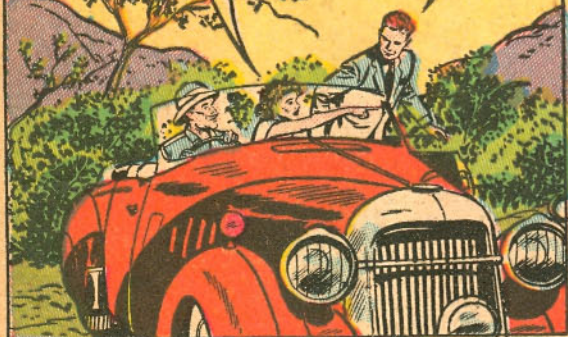
HMM... WELL, HE CERTAINLY LOOKS AS IF HE CAN TAKE CARE OF -- **ANYTHING!** MONSIEUR BARNES, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME FOR ANY HELP I CAN GIVE YOU -- AND I'LL START IN BY SHOWING YOU WHERE THE MASS MEETING IS!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THE CAR HERE! THE MEETING IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNDERBRUSH -- BUT IF THEY SEE US, IT WILL MEAN **DEATH!**

WELL, I'LL JUST TAKE A PEEK AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON THERE!



AS AGENT ERNEST BARNES PEERS THROUGH THE BRUSH, HE SEES...

THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO THROW OFF THE YOKE OF OUR OPPRESSORS -- TO BURY OUR CHAINS -- AND **REVOLT!** REFUSE TO WORK THE MINES FOR THE FRENCH -- THEY WISH TO **ENSLAVE US!** **DRIVE THEM FROM OUR LAND!**



I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY THE GREAT **RADAMA** HIMSELF TO SHOW YOU THE LIGHT! **RADAMA** HAS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD AS A **GOD** -- TO HELP US DRIVE THE FOREIGNERS INTO THE SEA! **REVOLT-- KILL ALL THE FOREIGN DOGS!**

YES, KILL THEM ALL!

HMM, SO HE KNOWS **RADAMA**, EH? I WANT THAT MAN -- AND I'M GOING DOWN AND **GET HIM!**

NO--DON'T! THEY-- **THEY'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!**



AS ERNIE STARTS TOWARD THE AGITATOR...

A SPY! SEIZE HIM! LET HIM BE THE FIRST TO DIE!

YOU BOYS DON'T KNOW IT-- BUT I DON'T DIE EASY! HERE'S THE FIRST PROOF --



--AND HERE'S THE SECOND!



THEY'VE FALLEN BACK
MOMENTARILY ... IF I CAN ONLY
GET THAT TEAR-GAS
GRENADE OUT OF
MY POCKET
IN TIME...

**IMBECILES.
FOOLS--**
LET ME SHOW
YOU HOW TO
FINISH THE
FOREIGNER!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T
KNOW I WAS ALL-STATE
QUARTERBACK, CHUM--
AND AN EXPERT AT
SIDE-STEPPING!

UGHHH!

THEN, AS THE NATIVES MAKE A
CONCERTED RUSH...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, SHOW
ME HOW SORRY YOU ARE
ABOUT CAUSING THIS RUMPUS--
START **CRYING!**

YIII!

**MY EYES ARE
AFIRE!**

THAT DID IT! NOW TO
GET THIS AGITATOR BACK
TO THE CAR -- AND INTO
JAIL!

OH, ERNEST, YOU **MADE** IT-- I WAS
SO AFRAID FOR YOU -- **WAIT!**
THAT NATIVE -- HE LOOKS
FAMILIAR! OH, NOW
I REMEMBER -- DIDN'T
HE ONCE WORK FOR
YOU, FATHER?

WHY, YES -- I USED
TO EMPLOY HIM AS
AN INFORMER, BUT LET
HIM GO WHEN I FOUND
OUT WHAT AN UNRELIABLE
RASCAL HE IS! HE'LL WORK
FOR ANYONE WHO PAYS
HIM THE MOST!

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE TOWN JAIL ...

NOW THAT YOU'VE REVIVED, MY FRIEND,
PERHAPS YOU'LL TELL ME A FEW THINGS.
MY GOVERNMENT WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING
YOU WANT, EVEN MAKE YOU THE
RICHEST MAN ON THE ISLAND --
IF YOU'LL ONLY TELL US RADAMA'S
REAL IDENTITY, AND HELP
US CAPTURE HIM!

NEVER!
THERE IS
NOT ENOUGH
GOLD IN THE
WORLD TO
MAKE ME
BETRAY
RADAMA!

A THOUSAND CURSES
ON YOU AND YOUR
GOVERNMENT-- MAY YOU
DIE THE DEATH OF
TEN THOUSAND
KNIVES --

HMM, THIS BABY
MEANS IT! STRANGE
THAT HE'D TURN DOWN
ALL THE MONEY I'M
OFFERING -- I GUESS
DUCESNE MISJUDGED
THE GUY!



SO HE TOLD YOU NOTHING! PERHAPS, IF WE COULD SLIP INTO THE NATIVE QUARTER UNOBSERVED AND LISTEN TO THE TALK, WE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING THAT WOULD PUT US ON RADAMA'S TRAIL!

SAY, **THAT'S** AN IDEA! WE'LL GO THERE TOMORROW-- YOU CAN BE MY GUIDE!



HA, HA ... THAT IS **FUNNY!** WE'D BE SEIZED IMMEDIATELY! FOREIGNERS AREN'T SAFE IN THE NATIVE SECTOR-- AND THAT RED HAIR OF YOURS WOULD BE A DEAD GIVE-AWAY!

LEAVE THAT TO ME, HONEY-- ALL **YOU** HAVE TO DO IS GET US BOTH SOME **NATIVE COSTUMES!**

NO-- I **FORBID** IT!



BUT, FATHER-- IF **HE** SAYS IT CAN BE DONE, I **KNOW** IT CAN! AND WE'RE DOING IT FOR **YOU**--DON'T YOU **WANT** RADAMA CAPTURED?

OF **COURSE** I DO! **GO** THEN, IF YOU INSIST-- AND MY BLESSINGS ON YOU BOTH!



NEXT DAY...

IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE A SECRET-SERVICE AGENT-- YOUR MAKEUP KIT WOULD BE THE ENVY OF EVERY GIRL IN THE WORLD! AND YOU KNOW HOW TO **USE** IT, TOO!

I'M JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE JUST **HOW** WONDERFUL MY JOB IS-- IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT I GET A CHANCE TO TOUCH A FACE AS BEAUTIFUL AS **YOURS...** JAMA!



SEE, THAT FEZ COVERS UP MY RED HAIR-- I JUST HAD TO DYE MY SIDEBURNS! NOW WE **BOTH** LOOKS LIKE NATIVES FROM HEAD TO TOE!



THEN, IN THE NATIVE QUARTER, AS JAMA AND ERNIE PASS A DARK ALLEY...

WHA---!



ERNEST--- **HELP!**

I'M COMING, HONEY-- AS SOON AS I GET THESE LEECHES OFF ME!

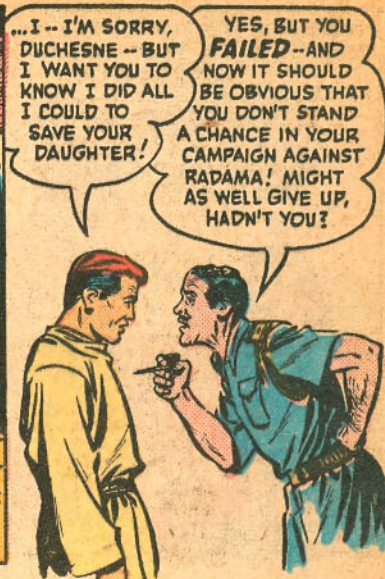


ENOUGH -- WE HAVE THE GIRL! LET US FLEE!

THIS WILL MAKE SURE WE FLEE SAFELY!



THEY GOT HER! -- I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR BRINGING HER HERE! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT GO BACK AND TELL DUCHESNE THE BAD NEWS -- HE'LL BE HEARTBROKEN!



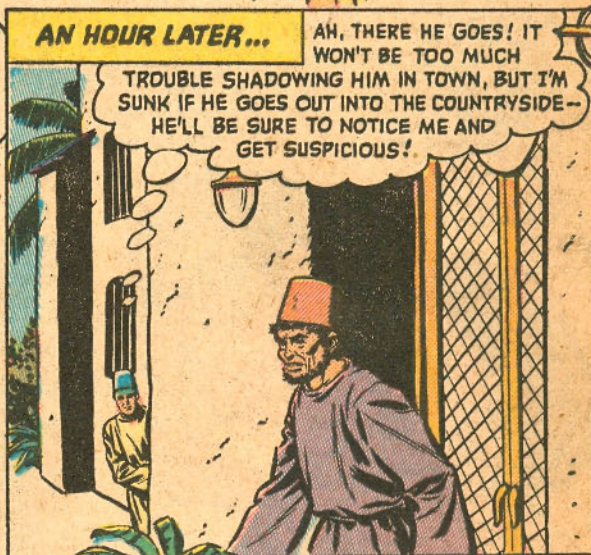
...I -- I'M SORRY, DUCHESNE -- BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I DID ALL I COULD TO SAVE YOUR DAUGHTER!

YES, BUT YOU **FAILED** -- AND NOW IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS THAT YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE IN YOUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST RADAMA! MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, HADN'T YOU?



WHAT A COLD-HEARTED GOAT -- HIS DAUGHTER'S LOSS DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO **BOTHER** HIM!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DUCHESNE! I DON'T WANT TO MESS THINGS UP EVEN MORE THAN I'VE DONE -- I **WILL** QUIT! YOU MIGHT AS WELL RELEASE THAT AGITATOR WE TOOK PRISONER!

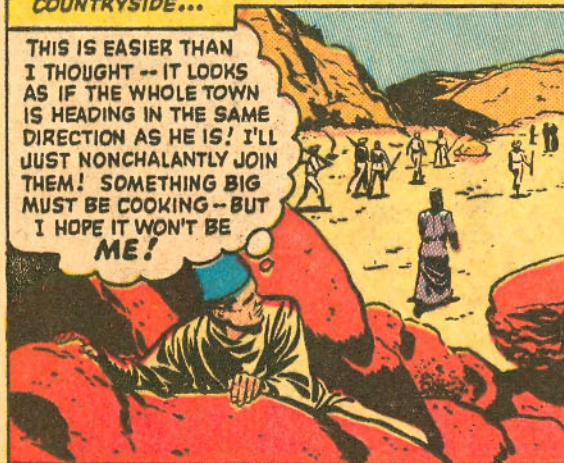


AN HOUR LATER...

AH, THERE HE GOES! IT WON'T BE TOO MUCH

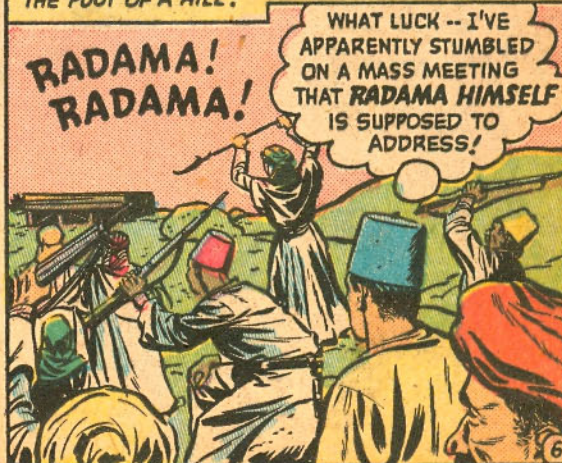
TROUBLE SHADOWING HIM IN TOWN, BUT I'M SUNK IF HE GOES OUT INTO THE COUNTRYSIDE -- HE'LL BE SURE TO NOTICE ME AND GET SUSPICIOUS!

AGENT ERNEST BARNES CAUTIOUSLY, SKILLFULLY TRAILS HIS QUARRY THROUGH TOWN, PAST THE OUTSKIRTS, AND FINALLY OUT INTO THE ROUGH COUNTRYSIDE...



THIS IS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT -- IT LOOKS AS IF THE WHOLE TOWN IS HEADING IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS HE IS! I'LL JUST NONCHALANTLY JOIN THEM! SOMETHING BIG MUST BE COOKING -- BUT I HOPE IT WON'T BE **ME!**

THE SLOW TRICKLE OF NATIVES SOON SWELLS INTO A MIGHTY STREAM, AND FINALLY ERNIE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF A SWIRLING, SHOUTING MOB AT THE FOOT OF A HILL!



RADAMA! RADAMA!

WHAT LUCK -- I'VE APPARENTLY STUMBLERD ON A MASS MEETING THAT **RADAMA HIMSELF** IS SUPPOSED TO ADDRESS!

**SUDDENLY, AT THE CREST OF THE HILL, A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS, WEARING THE SACRED MASK--
RADAMA!**

**WELCOME, OH COUNTRYMEN!
I -- THE GREAT RADAMA -- HAVE
RETURNED FROM THE DEAD, AS A
GOD, TO FREE YOU FROM
YOUR OPPRESSORS!**



**NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE OFF YOUR
CHAINS! WE HAVE BEEN PROVIDED WITH ARMS
BY A GREAT COUNTRY FROM ACROSS THE SEAS--
A NATION THAT WISHES TO SEE US FREE!
WITH THE HELP OF RADAMA, YOU WILL
NOT FAIL -- TOMORROW THE
WHOLE LAND REVOLTS!**



**THEN, AS THE NATIVES GO INTO A
FRENZIED WAR DANCE...**

**REVOLT!
RADAMA HAS
WILLED IT!...
REVOLT!**

**GREAT
SCOTT! MY
FEZ!**

**AIII--RED
HAIR! HE IS
NOT ONE
OF US!**

**A SPY!
SEIZE HIM!
--BRING
HIM TO
RADAMA!**



MOMENTS LATER...

**THROW HIM INTO THE PRISON
HUT! HE WILL DIE WHEN THE
MOON IS AT ITS FULL TONIGHT,
AS THE GODS HAVE ALWAYS
WILLED! RADAMA
HAS SPOKEN!**



ERNEST -- YOU!



**JAMA -- YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE!
I... I DON'T UNDER-
STAND -- WHY DID
THEY SPARE
YOU?**

**I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DO
KNOW WHAT THEY'LL DO TO
YOU! THEY'LL STAB YOU
WITH A SHARP BRANCH FROM
THE SACRED TANGENA TREE--
A BRANCH DIPPED IN THE
TANGENA POISON! IT'S
USED IN TRIBAL KILLINGS--
AND IT BRINGS
INSTANT DEATH!**



HOURS LATER, WHEN THE GOLDEN
MADAGASCAR MOON RISES
TO ITS ZENITH...

COME,
FOREIGN
DOG!

OH, ERNIE, DON'T
LET THEM TAKE
YOU -- I LOVE
YOU!

DON'T DESPAIR, DARLING --
I'LL BE BACK!

IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT GOD ZANAHARY,
WHO HAS COMMANDED *ME*, HIS SON, TO
RID OUR LAND OF ALL FOREIGNERS, I NOW
PLUNGE THE SACRED
TANGENA --

WAIT!
RADAMA -- WHY
DON'T YOU ALSO
KILL THE GIRL?
SHE'S A
FOREIGNER,
TOO!

YES, THE
GIRL, TOO--
KILL THE
GIRL!

NO! THE
GODS HAVE
TOLD ME TO
SPARE
THE GIRL!

BALONEY! YOU
KNOW *NOTHING*
ABOUT THE GODS!
YOU AREN'T RADAMA!
YOU'RE NO GOD!
I DEFY YOU TO GO
THROUGH THE TRADITIONAL
TANGENA POISON ORDEAL--
ONLY IF YOU *LIVE* THROUGH
IT CAN YOU *PROVE*
YOU'RE A GOD!

YES, RADAMA -- *SHOW*
THE INFIDEL YOU ARE
A GOD -- *TAKE*
THE TANGENA!

NO! I
WON'T!

THEN I'LL
MAKE YOU
TAKE THE TEST!
-- GIVE ME
THAT
BRANCH!

NO -- NO!
DON'T!

THERE IS YOUR PROOF!
THE GOD RADAMA CANNOT
BE A COWARD-- SO THIS
IMPOSTOR IS *NOT* RADAMA!
STRIP OFF HIS MASK AND YOU
WILL SEE -- HE IS A
FOREIGNER!

HE *IS* A FOREIGNER --
WE HAVE BEEN
TRICKED!

NO, NO -- I AM STILL
A GOD! I HAVE MERELY
DISGUISED MYSELF TO
TEST YOUR LOYALTY
TO ME---

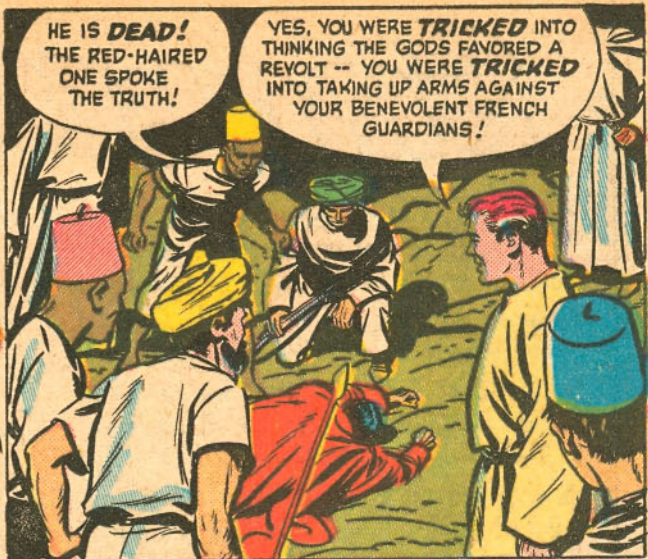
PROVE YOU ARE A GOD! LET THE **TANGENA** POISON REVEAL THE TRUTH!

NO, NO--
YAAAGH!



HE IS DEAD!
THE RED-HAIRED ONE SPOKE THE TRUTH!

YES, YOU WERE **TRICKED** INTO THINKING THE GODS FAVORED A REVOLT -- YOU WERE **TRICKED** INTO TAKING UP ARMS AGAINST YOUR BENEVOLENT FRENCH GUARDIANS!



YOU WOULD HAVE EXCHANGED KINDLY RULERS FOR TYRANTS WHO WOULD HAVE TRULY MADE YOU SLAVES! THE MEN WHO TRIED TO DECEIVE YOU WITH A FALSE RADAMA WOULD ALSO HAVE DUPED YOU WITH FALSE, HONEYED WORDS AND PROMISES! SHOW YOUR CONTEMPT FOR THEM BY LAYING DOWN YOUR ARMS AND RETURNING TO YOUR HOMES AND MINES!



GO--IN
PEACE AND
FRIENDSHIP!

WE GO!
BACK TO
THE MINES--
TO OUR
FRENCH FRIENDS!



Later...

IT--IT'S ALL LIKE A HORRIBLE DREAM! I NEVER SUSPECTED THAT FATHER WAS RADAMA--AND A **TRAITOR!** HOW...HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?

I BEGAN WONDERING ABOUT HIM WHEN HE WAS UNWILLING TO HELP ME FIND RADAMA--AND WHEN I REALIZED HE'D LIED ABOUT THAT AGITATOR'S WILLINGNESS TO WORK FOR THE ONE WHO PAID HIM MOST!

THEN, WHEN YOUR FATHER DIDN'T SEEM TO BE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR BEING KIDNAPPED, BUT ONLY SEEMED TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT MY QUITTING THE CASE, I **KNEW!** WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED IN THE NATIVE QUARTER DESPITE OUR PERFECT DISGUISES, I REALIZED THAT YOUR FATHER WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE TIPPED OFF THE KIDNAPPERS--AND I WAS **SURE** HE WAS RADAMA WHEN HE DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE YOU KILLED--HE ONLY WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY SO YOU COULDN'T HELP ME!

BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, SWEETHEART! YOU MAY HAVE LOST A FATHER, BUT YOU'VE GAINED SOMEONE ELSE WHO'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU--
YOUR HUSBAND-TO-BE!



The End

SMOKESCREEN

AGENT Frank Seymour sensed that something was wrong the moment the truck drove up to the gates of the secret uranium smelting plant. And then he *knew* something was wrong when the truck driver leaped out of his cab and raced away from it at top speed. Seymour had one hand on his gun and was about to give pursuit when the truck suddenly erupted into a huge, billowing cloud of dense white smoke.

"*Sound the alarm!*" Seymour shouted, firing twice in the air to alert the factory guards inside.

One look outside the gates was enough for him to see that every few hundred feet there was a truck that was sending forth the same dense white clouds of smoke. Within twenty minutes, Seymour estimated, the whole area would be blanketed by a thick smokescreen—and no one had to tell him what would happen *then!*

Stumbling towards the plant through the smoke, Seymour came upon an excited guard. "They cut the phone wires!" the guard shouted. "We can't get through to the outside—and we've no way of getting reinforcements!"

It was worse than Seymour had thought at first. The factory was isolated in the New Mexico desert, and now there was no way of contacting the Los Alamos troops. There were enough guards and machine guns inside the plant to take care of any emergency—provided they could see the emergency. But the spies and traitors outside the gates were waiting for the smokescreen to take full effect before they infiltrated into the plant under cover of the smoke—and the guards

couldn't fire at what they couldn't see.

Yes, the plant's stockpile of highly refined uranium was in grave danger—unless Agent Frank Seymour did something—*quickly!*

There was only one desperate chance—and Seymour took it! He gave his orders swiftly: "All you men—get those spare precipitrons out here—the ones that we install in the blast chimneys! *Hurry!*"

Watching the men leap to the job through the ever-increasing dense smoke, Seymour prayed that they could get it working in time. The precipitrons, he knew, were large mazes of fine copper wire, which precipitated and collected chimney smoke. When they were connected to a generator, the current passing through the maze of wires set up powerful electrical discharges that precipitated the smoke and cleared the air—and Seymour hoped they would also clear the area of spies this time!

While his men were connecting the wires to the large plant generator, Seymour arranged the guards and machine guns in the best positions. Finally, as the first bursts of gunfire came from the spies advancing through the dense smoke, Seymour shouted: "Throw the switch—give it the full 12,000 volts!"

Instantly, there was an intense crackling sound as the powerful current sped through the wires—and almost magically, the smoke cleared from the air, revealing a surprised group of spies halting in consternation a hundred feet from the guards.

And then, as Seymour gave the order, there was another sound of crackling in the air—the rapid-fire bursts of machine-guns, mowing down the smoked-out spies!

NAZI NEMESIS

I HATE TO LET YOU GO, VIC, BUT YOU'VE REALLY **EARNED** YOUR VACATION! HAVE A GOOD TIME TRAMPING AROUND THOSE PICTURESQUE **BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS!**

BETTER WATCH OUT, THOUGH, VIC... WE STILL KEEP GETTING CRACKPOT RUMORS THAT **ADOLF** HIMSELF IS HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN THOSE PARTS! IF YOU COME ACROSS HIM, MAKE SURE YOU BRING US BACK HIS MOUSTACHE AS A SOUVENIR!

HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, M'BOY... BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO THINK ABOUT OLD MAN HITLER! ALL MY ATTENTION IS GOING TO BE CONCENTRATED ON MY **BRIDE!**

U.S. ZONE.
OCCUPIED GERMANY
BAVARIAN
HEADQUARTERS
U.S. COUNTER-
INTELLIGENCE

"ADOLF IS ALIVE!"... THIS HAS RUN THE RUMOR THROUGHOUT GERMANY EVER SINCE THE WAR ENDED! AND HERE, IN A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED REPORT FROM TOP-SECRET FILES, IS THE STORY OF THE **NAZI NEMESIS** WHO FOUND THAT THE RUMOR WAS **TRUE!**

DAYS LATER... IN THE HEART OF THE **BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS**...

THESE FORESTS AND MOUNTAINS **WOULD** MAKE PERFECT HIDE-OUTS, VIC! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THERE'S ANY **TRUTH** TO THOSE REPORTS ABOUT HITLER STILL BEING HERE?

DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING! RUMORS LIKE THAT WILL KEEP FLOATING AROUND TILL THE END OF TIME, DESPITE THE FACT THAT ALLIED TROOPS HAVE SCoured EVERY INCH OF ACCESSIBLE GROUND IN THIS AREA!... SAY! ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, WE'RE ON THE EDGE OF A PRETTY DIFFICULT PEAK! WE'D BETTER BYPASS IT!

OH, NO, SWEETHEART... LET'S EXPLORE IT! WE CAN PRETEND WE'RE THE FIRST HUMANS EVER TO SET FOOT THERE!

NO, IT'D BE TOO DANGEROUS TO... **OH!!**





WHAT IS IT, VIC... WHAT'S WRONG?

IT...IT CAN'T BE...BUT IT IS! LOOK...OVER THERE!



WHERE? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL!

HE...HE VANISHED JUST AS YOU TURNED AROUND! I...I COULD SWEAR I SAW A FACE LOOKING AT US FROM THE UNDERBRUSH...THE FACE OF **ADOLF HITLER!**

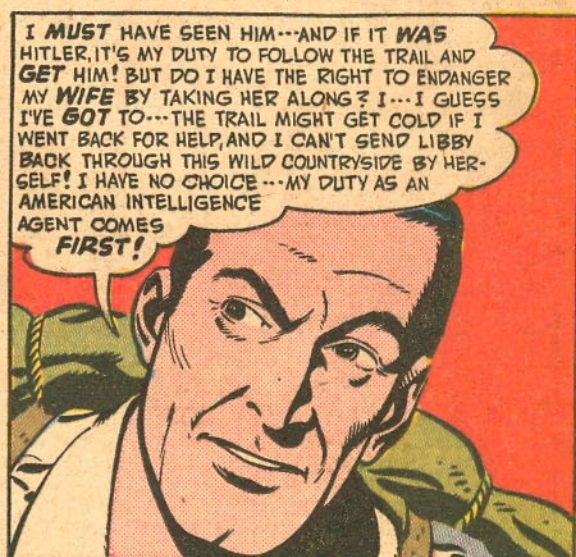


HITLER?! NOW I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU NEEDED THIS VACATION... YOU'RE BEGINNING TO HAVE HALLUCINATIONS!

NO...THAT...THAT FACE WAS TOO REAL TO BE AN HALLUCINATION! BUT I...I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK AROUND TO MAKE SURE! STAY THERE...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



FOOTPRINTS...FRESH ONES! SOMEONE STOOD HERE...WHILE HE WATCHED US!



I MUST HAVE SEEN HIM...AND IF IT WAS HITLER, IT'S MY DUTY TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL AND GET HIM! BUT DO I HAVE THE RIGHT TO ENDANGER MY WIFE BY TAKING HER ALONG? I...I GUESS I'VE GOT TO...THE TRAIL MIGHT GET COLD IF I WENT BACK FOR HELP, AND I CAN'T SEND LIBBY BACK THROUGH THIS WILD COUNTRYSIDE BY HERSELF! I HAVE NO CHOICE...MY DUTY AS AN AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE AGENT COMES **FIRST!**



I GUESS I WAS JUST SEEING THINGS, HONEY...THERE WASN'T A SIGN OF **ANYONE** HAVING BEEN THERE! BUT THE FOREST DOESN'T LOOK TOO IMPENETRABLE...WE'RE GOING INTO IT! WE'LL HAVE TO WALK SINGLE FILE, THOUGH...I'LL GO AHEAD OF YOU!

THAT'LL BE FUN...JUST LIKE EXPLORING! I'M GLAD YOU'RE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN, VIC...YOU HAD ME **SCARED** FOR A MOMENT!



I MUSTN'T LET LIBBY KNOW ABOUT THOSE FOOTPRINTS I FOUND...SHE'D BE TOO FRIGHTENED TO GO ON! HANG IT...I'VE LOST THE TRAIL NOW...FOOTPRINTS DON'T SHOW UP ON PINE NEEDLES! I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP GOING IN THE SAME GENERAL DIRECTION THE PRINTS HAD BEEN HEADING!

AN HOUR LATER...

IT'S NO USE... I STILL HAVEN'T COME ACROSS THAT TRAIL AGAIN... **WAIT!** THERE'S SOMEONE RIGHT AHEAD OF ME... LUCKY THESE PINE NEEDLES DEADENED MY FOOTSTEPS! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND WARN LIBBY!



SHH... DON'T SAY A WORD, DARLING... JUST LISTEN TO ME! STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND! NO QUESTIONS, NOW... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK FOR YOU!



BUT AS VIC STEALS UP ON HIS QUARRY...

LOOKS LIKE A SENTRY OF SOME... **OOPS!** I DIDN'T SEE THAT BRANCH!

WHO'S THERE...?



SO... AN AMERICAN! I'LL FIX...

NOT WITH THAT GUN, YOU WON'T!



FOR THAT YOU'LL GO THE **HARD** WAY, SWINE... WITH A KNIFE IN YOUR HEART!

YOU'RE PROBABLY AN EXPERT AT STABBING IN THE **BACK**... BUT YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TRY THAT ON **ME!**



VIC CLOSES WITH THE NAZI... IN MORTAL COMBAT! MUSCLES STRAIN, BREATHS COME SHORT IN A MIGHTY TEST OF STRENGTH, ENDURANCE... AND COURAGE!

CONFOUND YOU! YOU'RE FORCING ME... **BACK...**

NOT GOING THE WAY YOU THOUGHT... EH, SUPERMAN? COME ON... **GIVE!**



THE KNIFE BLADE MOVES CLOSER... CLOSER TO THE NAZI'S HEART, UNTIL...

HATE TO... DO THIS, FRITZ! RATHER SAVE YOU... FOR QUESTIONING... BUT I HAVE... NO CHOICE!

NEIN... NEIN... **YAAAAAGHH!**



WHERE'S ALL YOUR ARYAN RACIAL SUPERIORITY NOW, NAZI? JUST ANOTHER PROOF THAT YOUR FUEHRER'S IDEAS WERE ALL WET---AND NOW THAT I'VE SEEN A HUN SENTRY PATROLLING THIS AREA, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT **ADOLF HIMSELF** ISN'T FAR OFF! OH, OH, I HEAR LIBBY COMING--- BETTER FINISH HIDING THIS BODY IN A HURRY!



OH, VIC, I WAS GETTING **WORRIED** ABOUT YOU! WHAT WAS ALL THAT SCUFFLING AND THOSE NOISES I HEARD?



JUST AN ANIMAL! I STUMBLED ONTO ---A WILD **SWINE**, I'D CALL IT! WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE--- LOOKS LIKE A THUNDERSTORM'S ABOUT TO BREAK!

WHEW---HERE IT COMES! LIGHTNING, TOO---WE'D BETTER GET OUT FROM UNDER THESE TALL TREES! WE'LL HEAD FOR THAT MOUNTAIN CLIFF AHEAD OF US---IT'S IN THE LEE OF THE WIND, AND IT'LL GIVE US SOME PROTECTION!



OH-- THAT-- THAT **BOLT!**

EASY, HONEY--- IT JUST MISSED US!

CR-RAK!



VIC---**LOOK!** THE LIGHTNING BURNED SOME OF THE BRUSH AWAY--- THERE'S A **HOLE** IN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF!

HMMM, A CAVE ENTRANCE --- CLEVERLY CONCEALED BY VEGETATION! WORTH LOOKING INTO---

GUESS WE'RE IN LUCK, LIBBY---WE CAN KEEP DRY INSIDE THAT CAVE! IF IT'S BIG ENOUGH, WE MIGHT EVEN DO SOME OF THAT **EXPLORING** YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT!



IT IS BIG---IT SEEMS TO EXTEND RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN! LET'S SEE WHERE IT **LEADS!**

ALL RIGHT, BUT FIRST---HERE ARE A COUPLE OF NASAL CARTRIDGES THAT I WANT YOU TO INSERT IN YOUR NOSTRILS! IT'S SOME THING NEW TO PREVENT COLDS---AND THIS DAMP CAVE'S JUST THE PLACE FOR THEM! JUST MAKE SURE YOU BREATHE ONLY THROUGH YOUR NOSE, AND IT'LL FILTER OUT THE GERMS---I'LL USE SOME, TOO!



DOWN, DOWN THE WINDING TUNNEL--- INTO THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE EARTH---

THERE'S A **LIGHT** AHEAD! STAY BACK ---WHILE I SEE WHAT'S DOING!

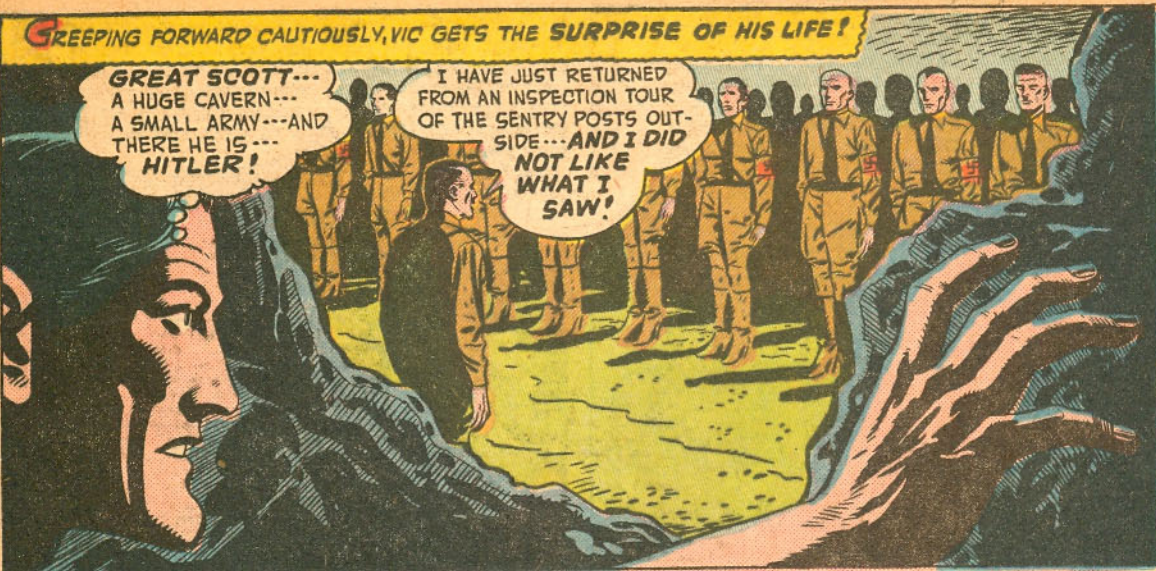
ALL RIGHT---BUT HURRY BACK! I WON'T BE AS PATIENT AS THE **LAST** TIME YOU TOLD ME TO WAIT!



GREEPING FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY, VIC GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

**GREAT SCOTT...
A HUGE CAVERN...
A SMALL ARMY...AND
THERE HE IS...
HITLER!**

**I HAVE JUST RETURNED
FROM AN INSPECTION TOUR
OF THE SENTRY POSTS OUT-
SIDE...AND I DID
NOT LIKE
WHAT I
SAW!**



**I SAW TWO AMERICANS...
WANDERING TOO CLOSE TO
OUR SECRET CAVE ENTRANCE! I
WILL NOT ALLOW IT! NOW...WHEN
WE ARE SO CLOSE TO VICTORY...
WE MUST MAKE SURE OUR PRESENCE
IS NOT DETECTED! I WANT ALL SENTRY
DOUBLED... TRIPLED...AND ALL PROWL-
ERS MUST BE**

**IMMEDIATELY
SEIZED AND
EXECUTED!**

**VIC, WHAT
KEPT YOU...
OH!!! IT
...IT'S
HITLER!**

**SPIES!
SEIZE THEM
...SEIZE
THEM!**



**I TOLD YOU TO
STAY BACK, LIB...BUT
NOW THAT THEY'VE
DISCOVERED US, I'LL
MAKE SOME OF 'EM
WISH THEY
HADN'T!**



**VIC --- LOOK
OUT BEHIND
YOU!**



**EXCELLENT!
NOW TIE THEIR
HANDS AND BRING
THEM TO ME!**



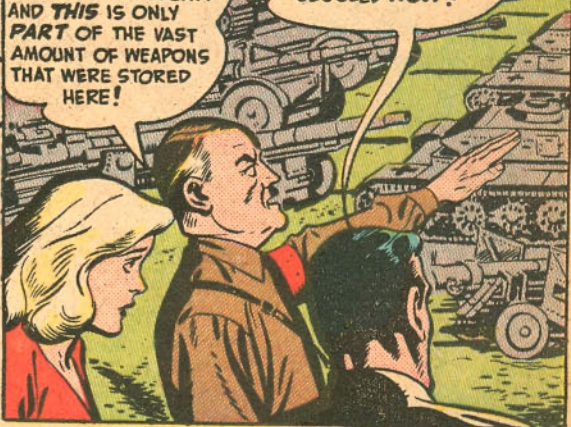
LET ME HAVE THE HONOR OF SHOOTING THEM, **MEIN FUEHRER!**

NO...THESE ARE THE TWO I SAW THIS MORNING...THE FIRST AMERICAN SWINE I HAVE SEEN SINCE I FLED FROM BERLIN. AFTER LEAVING THE FALSE EVIDENCE OF MY DEATH! AND IT WON'T MAKE THEIR DEATHS ANY EASIER TO LEARN THAT **THEIR** NATION HOVERS ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER... **THAT AMERICA FACES CERTAIN EXTINCTION! COME... INTO MY ARSENAL!**



THIS ENTIRE MOUNTAIN WAS HOLLOWED OUT AND PREPARED FOR THE EVENTUALITY OF MY MILITARY DEFEAT! AND **THIS** IS ONLY PART OF THE VAST AMOUNT OF WEAPONS THAT WERE STORED HERE!

BUT HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO USE ALL THIS AGAINST THE ARMED MIGHT OF THE WORLD? YOU FAILED ONCE...WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED **NOW?**



FOOL! THIS TIME I WILL **NOT** FAIL! I HAVE ONLY TO WAIT...WHILE MY AGENTS IN BOTH EAST AND WEST STIR UP HATRED AND SUSPICION ON BOTH SIDES, FOMENTING A **THIRD WORLD WAR!** AND WE ARE GETTING UNEXPECTED HELP FROM MISGUIDED PATRIOTS ON BOTH SIDES, ALL OF WHOM ARE BRINGING THAT WAR CLOSER EVERY DAY...A WAR WHICH NO ONE REALIZES WILL BRING **ME... HITLER... BACK TO POWER!**

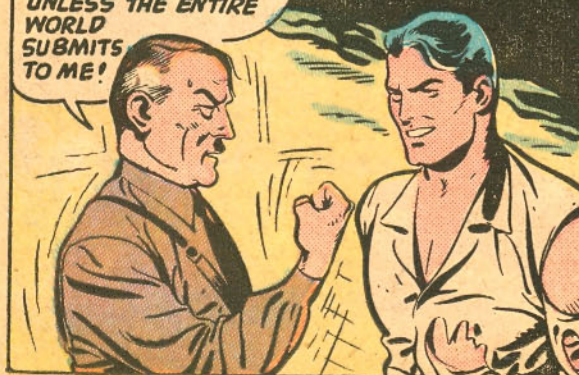


LOOK THROUGH THAT GLASS DOOR...INTO MY SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES! MY SCIENTISTS ARE NOW PERFECTING BACTERIOLOGICAL AND GAS WEAPONS...

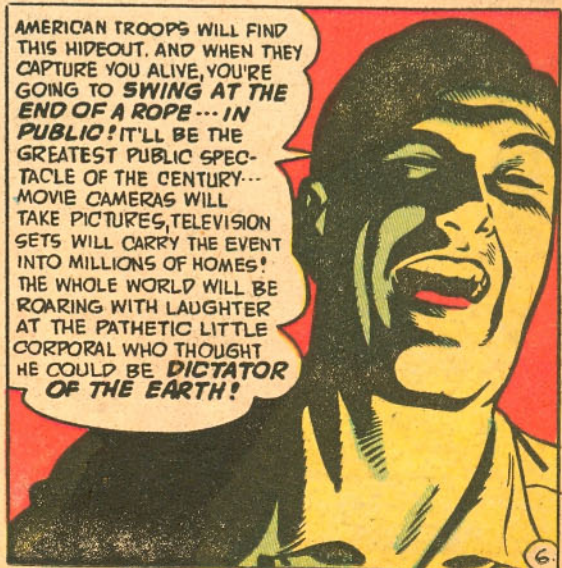


AND AS SOON AS THE WORLD HAS BEEN LEFT DEVASTATED AND HELPLESS BY THE INEVITABLE THIRD WAR, I WILL STEP IN WITH THESE NEW WEAPONS AND **DESTROY EVERY LIVING HUMAN UNLESS THE ENTIRE WORLD SUBMITS TO ME!**

WELL, I'LL BE...! I NEVER REALIZED IT BEFORE...**BUT YOU'RE A RAVING MANIAC!**



AMERICAN TROOPS WILL FIND THIS HIDEOUT. AND WHEN THEY CAPTURE YOU ALIVE, YOU'RE GOING TO **SWING AT THE END OF A ROPE... IN PUBLIC!** IT'LL BE THE GREATEST PUBLIC SPECTACLE OF THE CENTURY...MOVIE CAMERAS WILL TAKE PICTURES, TELEVISION SETS WILL CARRY THE EVENT INTO MILLIONS OF HOMES! THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE ROARING WITH LAUGHTER AT THE PATHETIC LITTLE CORPORAL WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BE **DICTATOR OF THE EARTH!**



NEVER---I WILL **NEVER** LET MYSELF BE TAKEN ALIVE---I WILL **NEVER** LET MYSELF BE HUMILIATED BY BECOMING A SPECTACLE FOR FOOLS! IF ALLIED TROOPS **DO** STUMBLE ON MY HIDEAWAY BEFORE I AM READY TO EMERGE, THIS SWITCH WILL DYNAMITE THE ENTIRE MOUNTAIN---AND BURY ME UNDER THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK--- SO THAT THEY WILL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO RECOVER MY BODY AND MOCK IT!



AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE DARED DERIDE ME, YOU DIE --- **NOW!**

WAIT---UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY! YOU **DESERVE** TO BE DERIDED--- FOR YOUR **STUPIDITY!** DID YOU THINK WE CAME HERE BY **ACCIDENT?** DIDN'T YOU EVEN SUSPECT THAT WE MIGHT BE ONE OF A NUMBER OF ALLIED TEAMS SEARCHING THIS AREA FOR YOU?



ALREADY, LAND AND AIR FORCES ARE BEING MOBILIZED AGAINST YOUR HIDEOUT HERE! THEY'RE BEING DIRECTED STRAIGHT TO THIS SPOT BY A SECRET CRYSTAL SIGNAL TRANSMITTER INSIDE THE RING ON MY HAND! AT THIS VERY MOMENT, RADIO DETECTORS ARE TRACING THE SIGNALS---

YOU LIE! UNTIE HIM--- TEAR THE RING FROM HIS FINGER! LET ME SEE IT!



BUT AS THE EX-DICTATOR EXAMINES VIC'S RING---

THERE IS A SECRET COMPARTMENT IN THE RING---IT OPENS LIKE--- **ACHHH!**

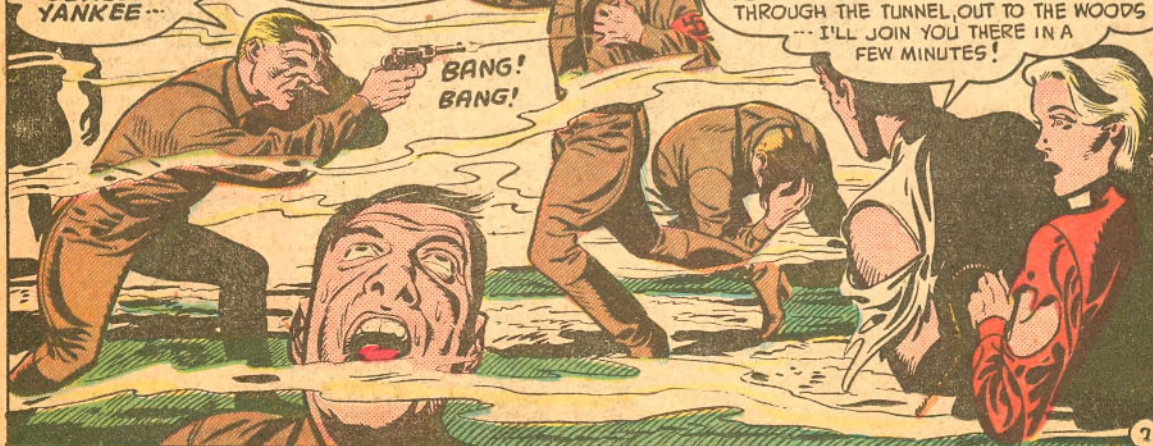


A TRICK! GAS ---CHOKING ME --- CAN'T SEE--- I'LL KILL THAT--- **CURSED YANKEE---**

THE GAS SPREADS--- I AM **BLINDED!** MEIN FUEHRER, --- WHERE ARE --- **AAAGHH!**

BANG! BANG!

BREATHE THROUGH YOUR **NOSE**, LIBBY--- THERE WAS A SPECIAL KNOCKOUT GAS IN THE SECRET CHAMBER OF MY RING, BUT THE FILTERS IN YOUR NOSTRILS MAKE YOU **TEMPORARILY** IMMUNE TO IT! HURRY THROUGH THE TUNNEL, OUT TO THE WOODS --- I'LL JOIN YOU THERE IN A FEW MINUTES!



MINUTES LATER...

THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT THE GAS IS BEGINNING TO GET ME TOO...IN SPIKE OF THE FILTERS! I---I GUESS LIBBY IS OUTSIDE BY NOW...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE THESE VULTURES NEVER REVIVE FROM THEIR STUPOR! ONLY ONE WAY TO R'ID THE EARTH OF THEIR KIND...BY PULLING THIS SWITCH!



THE TITANIC EXPLOSION COLLAPSES THE WALLS OF THE SECRET MOUNTAIN RETREAT, SENDING THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK SMASHING DOWN ON THE ARSENALS, ON THE LABORATORIES, ON THE NAZIS...AND ON AGENT VICTOR TOMPKINS, ONE OF AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES!



AND IN A RAIN OF ROCKS AND BOULDERS, THE ARCH-ENEMY OF ALL TIME COMES TO HIS FINAL END...SMASHED TO AN IGNOMINIOUS PULP AT THE BOTTOM OF A CAVED-IN MOUNTAIN...A FITTING FINISH FOR A MADMAN WHO WOULD HAVE ENSLAVED ALL MANKIND!



AND OUTSIDE...

HE...HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO KILL HITLER AND HIS FORCES! OH, VIC...VIC!



DAYS LATER, IN AN AMERICAN MILITARY HOSPITAL IN BAVARIA...

HE KILLED THEM...HE KILLED HITLER...MY VIC...

SHE'S BEEN RAVING LIKE THAT EVER SINCE SOME PEASANTS FOUND HER WANDERING DAZEDLY AROUND IN THE MOUNTAINS! KEEPS MUTTERING THAT HER HUSBAND EXPLODED A MOUNTAIN TO KILL HITLER! IT'S FANTASTIC, OF COURSE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU MEN IN COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT!



OF COURSE IT'S RIDICULOUS...EVEN THOUGH WE DO HAVE REPORTS OF A MOUNTAIN CAVE-IN, AND VIC TOMPKINS MAY HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN IT!

THE WAY I FIGURE IT, HER HUSBAND WAS TRAPPED IN THAT CAVE-IN, AND HER GRIEF-STRIKEN MIND INVENTED THAT STORY ABOUT HITLER, SO THAT SHE COULD TELL HERSELF HE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN!

THAT'S PROBABLY IT! NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE SHE SAW HITLER--EVERYONE KNOWS THAT HITLER IS DEAD!



THE END!



BIGGERN BETTER BUBBLES -

PRICE - A PENNY A PIECE -

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT -

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

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**THE GREATEST GROUP
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...REGULARLY...**
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LET THERE BE **LIGHT**

THE two spies worked feverishly in the darkness of the deserted research laboratory. They both knew there was no need for haste, since the guards had all been silently subdued, one by one—but they also knew how vitally important the secret plans of America's new magnetic weapon were to their country, and so they worked hurriedly at their safe-cracking task.

Finally, the safe swung open, and two pairs of hands eagerly searched the vault's interior.

"I have it!" the first spy exclaimed. "Our information was correct—here is the large cylinder in which we were told the plans would be hidden!"

The other spy looked greedily at the container. "Hurry—open it!"

"Stupid fool!" the first spy hissed. "Don't you remember what *else* we were informed about? The plans are said to be wrapped in a new nitryl gun-cotton—which explodes immediately upon exposure to the rays of light! The Americans foolishly think that such precautions are enough to kill any spy that attempts to open the cylinder and remove the plans—but *our* espionage service finds out *everything*!"

"Yes, I'd almost forgotten about the gun-cotton! But we can't carry this large

cylinder around with us—we'll have to take the plans out here—in the dark! I'll turn off my flashlight, so that no rays of light will strike the nitryl!"

"No—*wait!* I just thought of something! The Yankees may be cleverer than we think! This whole room may be bathed in invisible ultra-violet rays, which would be enough to set off the explosion—since it is the ultra-violet rays in ordinary light that chemically explode nitryl!"

"Now *you* are being the fool! Ultra-violet rays go right through brick and stone—so they would surely have gone through this light metal cylinder by this time if there were any around! The fact that it hasn't exploded yet shows that there are no such rays anywhere within this room!"

"Yes, you are right! It is perfectly safe to open the cylinder here—put out your flashlight!"

In the darkness, the first spy tugged off the cover of the cylinder—and instantly a blinding flash lit up the scene! The explosion blew the two spies to bits, smashed the ultra-violet ray equipment that had been flooding the room with invisible light, and also destroyed the cylinder that had been made of zinc—a metal which ultra-violet light cannot penetrate!

TRUE ESPIONAGE CASES

CARIBBEAN CUNNING

There were black days during the last war, days when the Axis sword hung heavy over the Caribbean! All of Central America was infested with Nazi spies, sending out information so that submarines could wreak havoc on our supply lines--until American Counter-Intelligence began coping with this...

CARIBBEAN CUNNING!!



ALLEN, YOU'RE MY BEST INTELLIGENCE OFFICER--AND I'M GIVING YOU ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT JOBS IN THE WHOLE WAR! OUR SHIPS ARE BEING SUNK IN THE CARIBBEAN AT A DEADLY RATE--TWELVE BOATS LOST IN THIRTEEN DAYS, SOMETIMES FIVE IN A SINGLE DAY!

TAKE CHARGE--AND SEE THAT THE SINKINGS STOP!

I'LL FLY DOWN TO BELIZE, CAPITAL OF HONDURAS, AND SEE IF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AGENTS HAVE ANY LEADS!



AT BELIZE, WHILE CHECKING HIS PLANE FOR THE RETURN FLIGHT TO THE CANAL ZONE WITH THE INFORMATION HE HAD GATHERED, AGENT ALLEN HAD REASON TO BE GRATEFUL FOR HIS THOROUGH TECHNICAL TRAINING!

WHAT THE-- PARTS OF THE MOTOR HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH! SOMEONE SUBSTITUTED DEFECTIVE PARTS, HOPING I'D NEVER USE THE INFORMATION I'VE GOT! AND THAT TELLS ME EVEN MORE--BECAUSE IT MEANS BELIZE MAY BE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RING!



ALLEN DECIDED TO REMAIN IN BELIZE AND CONTINUE HIS INVESTIGATIONS! BUT THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL ROOM...

WHEW!

SOMEONE SURE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT I KNOW! MY ROOM LOOKS AS IF IT'S BEEN RIPPED APART BY AN ARMY! I'LL PROBABLY NEED SOME HELP ON THIS--I'D BETTER CALL IN ONE OF THE BRITISH AGENTS!



IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE GOT SOME ENEMIES IN BELIZE, OLD CHAP! LET'S HAVE A DRINK, AND THEN GET TO WORK AND TACKLE THIS CASE!



THEN, AS SOON AS THE ENGLISHMAN DOWNED HIS DRINK, AND BEFORE ALLEN HAD EVEN SIPPED HIS...

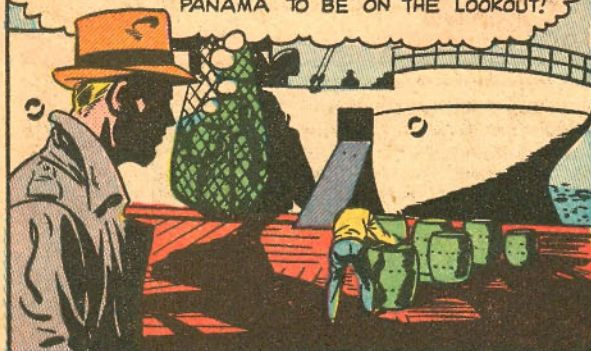
YAAGHH!

WHA-- OH, NO!! THE DRINK MUST HAVE BEEN POISONED!



ALLEN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH CONVINCED HIM THAT THE CARIBBEAN ESPIONAGE RING HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS IN BELIZE! THEN, WHILE MAKING A TOUR OF THE WATERFRONT ONE DAY...

HMM... THAT'S AN AWFULLY HEAVY LOAD OF OIL DRUMS THAT TRAMP SCHOONER IS TAKING ON... AND THE BOAT BELONGS TO CAPTAIN GOUGH, A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER! I'LL CABLE PANAMA TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT!



WHEN THE SHIP PUT INTO COLON, THE PANAMA AGENTS FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF THE OIL DRUMS, BUT DID FIND SOMETHING ELSE!

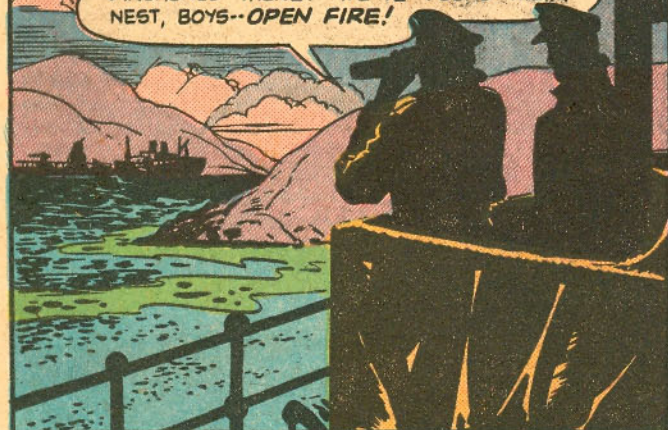
WHY, THIS SAILOR HAD A COPY OF THE PLANS OF THE SOLA NAVAL AIRFIELD ON HIM!

THAT PROVES GOUGH'S SHIPS ARE PART OF THE ESPIONAGE RING! NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW THE NEXT SHIP THAT LEAVES HONDURAS AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THE OIL DRUMS THEY TAKE ABOARD!

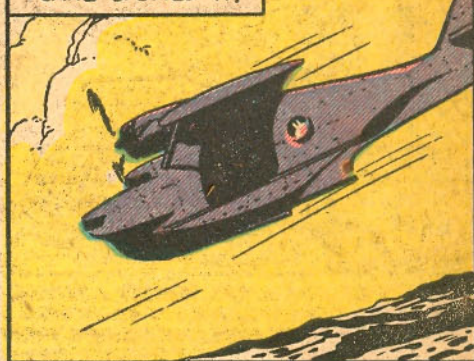


DAYS LATER...

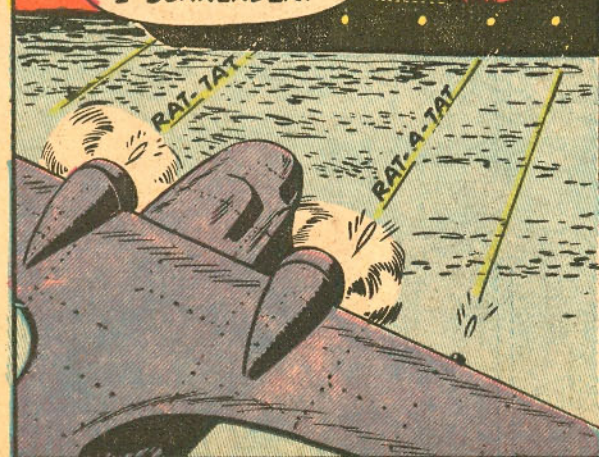
WHY, THAT MUST BE AN OLD HIDDEN HARBOR, USED BY THE BUCCANERS 300 YEARS AGO--AND GOUGH'S SHIP IS UNLOADING THAT OIL ONTO THAT NAZI SUB ANCHORED THERE! WE'VE FOUND THEIR NEST, BOYS--OPEN FIRE!



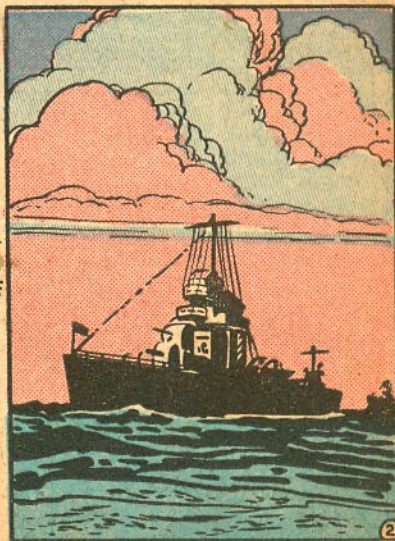
ALL OF GOUGH'S AIDES WERE APPREHENDED--EXCEPT THE BOOTLEGGERS, RACKETEER AND ARCH-SPY HIMSELF, CAPTAIN GOUGH! EVERY ALLIED NAVAL PLANE WAS ORDERED TO SEARCH THE SEAS FOR THE SHIP HE HAD FLED ON, AND FINALLY, AN AMERICAN PATROL PLANE SPOTTED IT!



DON'T SHOOT! I'M CAPTAIN GOUGH--I SURRENDER!



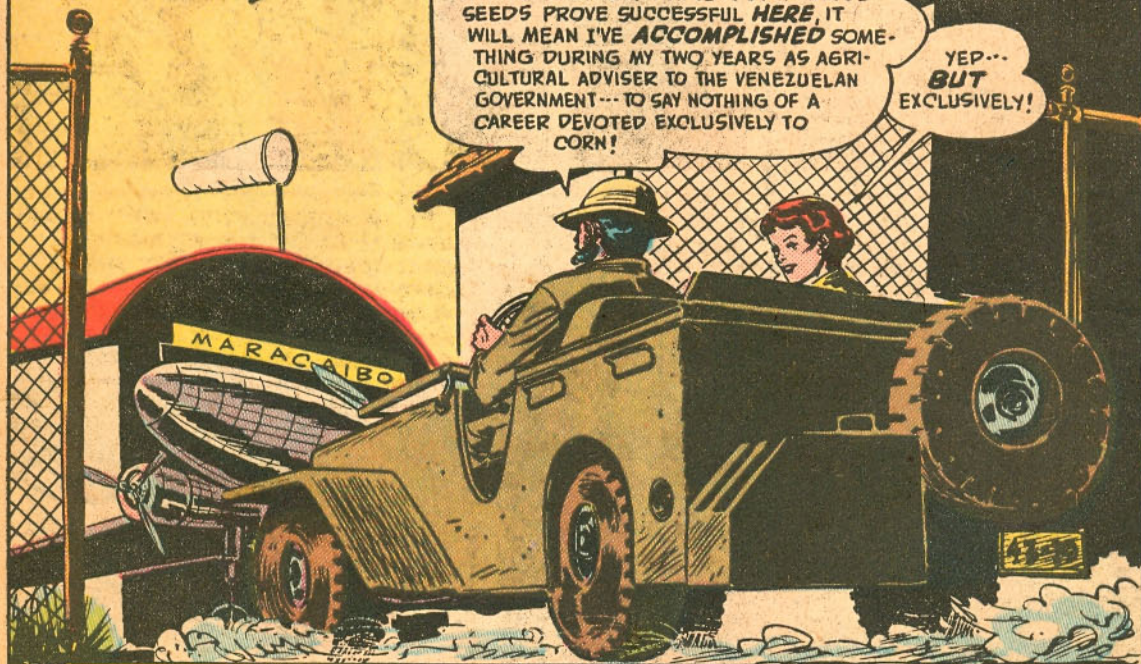
THE INFAMOUS CAPTAIN GOUGH WAS TAKEN TO PANAMA FOR IMPRISONMENT--AND WITH THE BREAKUP OF HIS ESPIONAGE RING, THE CARIBBEAN WAS SOON CLEARED OF THE DEADLY NAZI SUBMARINES! COUNTER-ESPIONAGE HAD WON OUT OVER CARIBBEAN CUNNING!



VIOLENCE ⁱⁿ VENEZUELA

YOU PROBABLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND MY EXCITEMENT ABOUT THAT PACKAGE OF HYBRID SEED CORN THAT'S BEING AIR EXPRESSED FROM THE STATES, WINNIE! BUT IF THOSE SEEDS PROVE SUCCESSFUL **HERE**, IT WILL MEAN I'VE **ACCOMPLISHED** SOMETHING DURING MY TWO YEARS AS AGRICULTURAL ADVISER TO THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT... TO SAY NOTHING OF A CAREER DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO CORN!

YEP... **BUT** EXCLUSIVELY!



WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN A PACKAGE OF SEED CORN AND AN OIL WELL EXPLOSION... A SCIENTIST'S BEARD AND A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WITH COTTON IN HIS EARS? THE TIE-UP'S THERE... DIRECT AND DEADLY... AND IT LEADS A COUPLE OF AMERICANS THROUGH ONE OF THE WILDEST SPY CHASES ON RECORD!

THERE'S THE PLANE! GOLLY... CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE THRILLING THAN PLANTING THAT CORN?

WELL, GEORGE... I HEAR THERE **ARE** PEOPLE WHO GET A MILD BANG OUT OF SOWING A FEW WILD OATS!

IF ONLY HE WASN'T SUCH A DROOP! AFTER WORKING AS HIS SECRETARY UNDER ALL SORTS OF HARDSHIP, I CAN'T HELP BEING FOND OF GEORGE... BUT HE DOESN'T HELP MUCH, EITHER!

I'LL HURRY AHEAD, WINNIE... SO I WON'T HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE WHEN THE AIR FREIGHT'S UNLOADED! --OOOPS!

EXCUSE ME, FRIEND... I DIDN'T MEAN TO... **OW!**

HERE'S HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU BULLYING AMERICANS WHO THINK EVERYONE SHOULD GET OUT OF YOUR WAY! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT... SEND A COMPLAINT TO WASHINGTON!



ONE OF THESE IRRITABLE TYPES...WHO HAS TO PUT COTTON IN HIS EARS BEFORE BOARDING A PLANE! I'VE ALWAYS CONTROLLED MY TEMPER AROUND PEOPLE LIKE THAT... BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO LET MYSELF GO!

AND THEN YOU REALLY **WILL** SEND A COMPLAINT TO WASHINGTON, HUH?



A MOMENT LATER...AS THE PLANE IS UNLOADED...

SOUNDS TOO MUCH LIKE A BOMB TO **BE** ONE, PEDRO...BUT WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

I'LL GET THE EMERGENCY CREW! **STAND BACK, EVERYONE!**



LOOK, GEORGE...I'M NONE TOO ANXIOUS TO HANG AROUND IF THERE'S A POSSIBILITY OF AN EXPLOSION!

YOU HAVEN'T A THING TO WORRY ABOUT! THEY'RE HURRYING OVER WITH A PAIL OF OIL...AND THAT CAN RENDER **ANY** BOMB HARMLESS! BESIDES, THE OTHER PACKAGES ARE BEING MOVED TO THE FREIGHT OFFICE...AND I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE WITHOUT CLAIMING **MINE!**

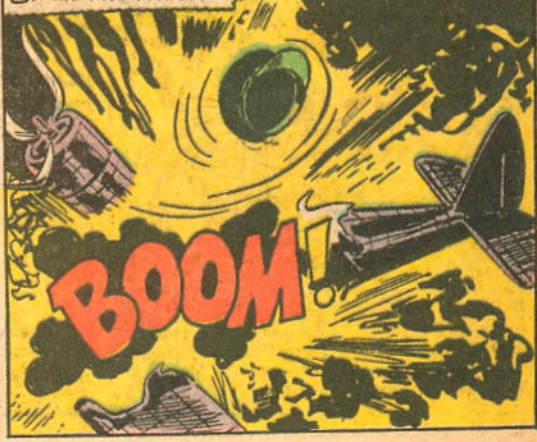


STILL TICKING! I SUPPOSE THIS MEANS RUINING ANOTHER PERFECTLY HARMLESS CLOCK!

UNDOUBTEDLY, SEÑOR! WHY WOULD ANYONE BOTHER SENDING A BOMB **HERE?**



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...



OH, GEORGE...WHY DID YOU INSIST WE STAY...AND HAVE TO SEE SOMETHING LIKE **THIS?**

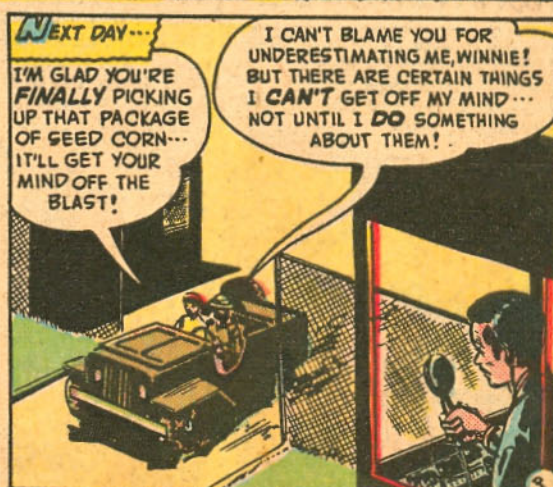
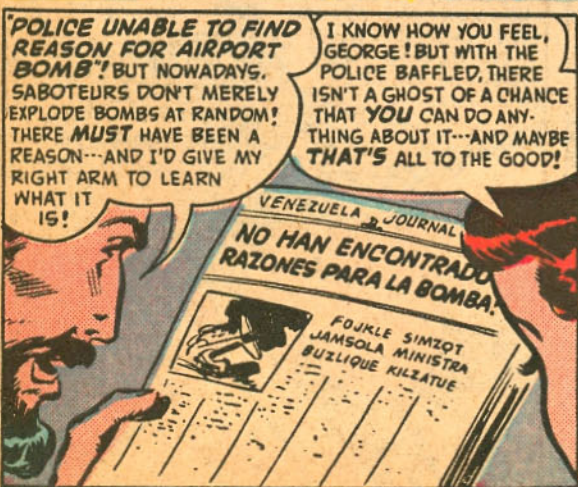
I...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! BOMBS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE **SAFE** WHEN THEY'RE PLACED IN OIL!



WE'RE USING THE FREIGHT STATION! ANYONE CALLING FOR A PACKAGE WILL HAVE TO RETURN FOR IT TOMORROW!

BLAZES! I'M NO ONE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT A DAY'S DELAY AT A TIME LIKE THIS, WINNIE...BUT I **AM** DISAPPOINTED NOT TO GET THAT SEED CORN!











YOU COWARD! WHEN SOME ONE LIKE POOR GEORGE LOSES HIS TEMPER... YOU CAN GUESS HOW LOATHSOME YOU ARE!

HE'D BETTER LEARN TO **CONTROL** HIS TEMPER... BECAUSE WE'RE JUST BEGINNING! WE'RE READY TO SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROY ALL THE VENEZUELAN OIL WELLS WE CAN REACH! **THAT** WILL THROW A LARGE PART OF THE COUNTRY'S WAGE EARNERS OUT OF WORK, AND GENERALLY CREATE AN ATMOSPHERE OF TERROR AND DIS-TRUST... THE VERY SITUATION THAT WILL MAKE VENEZUELA RIPE FOR A **COMMUNIST REVOLUTION** WITH- IN A FEW MONTHS!

OUR FIRST JOB WILL BE HISTORY WITHIN A HALF- HOUR... WHEN WE LEAVE LA FORTUNA OIL FIELD A BLACKENED RUIN!

LA FORTUNA! GREAT GUNS... MOST OF THOSE WELLS ARE JUST A STONE'S THROW FROM THE PETROLEUM WORKERS' HOMES! YOU **CAN'T** SACRIFICE THOSE PEOPLE!



DURING THE TENSE MINUTES THAT PASS AFTER KRONK AND HIS ACCOMPLICES LEAVE...

I CERTAINLY WISH I HADN'T GIVEN EL OSO MY LIGHTER AND CIGARETTES, WINNIE! A FEW PUFFS WOULD BE A BIG HELP AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

IS **THAT** ALL YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR MIND... **SMOKING**... AFTER NOT LIFTING A FINGER TO PREVENT KRONK FROM LEAVING? GEORGE SUMMERS... JUST HOW WEAK- KNEED CAN YOU **GET?**



TAKE SMOKE! EL OSO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

NOW HE COMES ACROSS! WELL... MAYBE HE ISN'T SUCH A BAD EGG AFTER ALL, WINNIE!



IN THE NEXT SECOND...



HAA-HA-HA! SI, SEÑOR, YOU SAVVY WHAT BLAST IS LIKE... BECAUSE EL OSO PUT LEEETLE BIT OF STUFF IN LIGHTER!

MY BEARD! IT'S SINGED OFF... AFTER I NEEDED YEARS TO GROW IT!



I SAID SCIENTISTS RILE SLOWLY... AND NOW I'M MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME!



AS GEORGE SWINGS AGAIN... EL OSO COUNTERS WITH THE SPEED OF AN AROUSED GRIZZLY!

YOU MAKE EL OSO MAD, HAH?



SI, SEÑOR... IT'S NOT GOOD TO MAKE EL OSO MAD!



THAT BEARD... THE ONLY THING I'VE EVER GROWN FOR MYSELF...

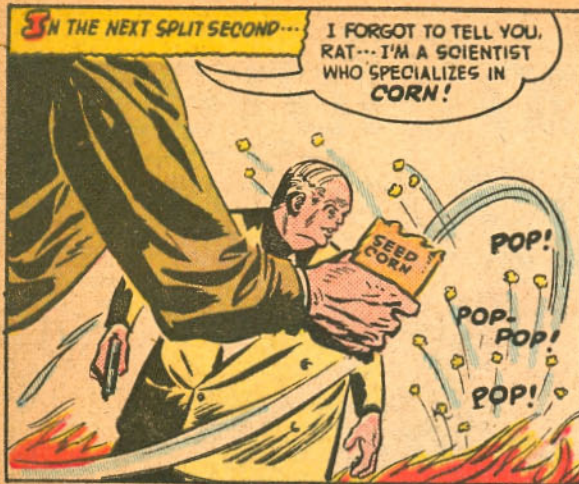
GEORGE! GOOD HEAVENS... GET AWAY FROM HIM!



HE'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT LUCKY, WINNIE!







The Spy Who Played DUMB

DAD-BLAME IT, BAKER-- YOU'RE ASKING FOR A DEATH SENTENCE! A BUSINESS MAN LIKE YOURSELF CAN'T JUST WANT TO BE A SPY-- NOT WITHOUT THE TRAINED KNACK OF OBSERVATION ON WHICH YOUR VERY LIFE MIGHT DEPEND!

NO, CONGRESSMAN-- I DIDN'T COME TO WASHINGTON LOOKING FOR WAR CONTRACTS! I WANT YOU TO VOUCH FOR ME WITH GENERAL SCOTT-- SO THAT I CAN GET AN ASSIGNMENT AS A **FEDERAL SPY!**

"A SUCCESSFUL SPY MUST LEARN TO TRICK HIS ENEMIES INTO THINKING HE IS STUPIDER THAN THEY ARE!"

FOLLOWING THIS RULE OF THUMB, LAFAYETTE BAKER BECAME THE UNION ARMY'S OUTSTANDING SPY IN THE CIVIL WAR-- OUTWITTING GLAMOROUS BELLE BOYD, THE CONFEDERACY'S ESPIONAGE ACE!

WELL, THEN-- GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF THAT MEXICAN WAR VETERAN-- AND JOIN THE INFANTRY!

MY CLERK **DID** FIGHT IN MEXICO IN 1846-- BUT I CAN'T GUESS HOW YOU FOUND OUT-- WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD TO HIM!

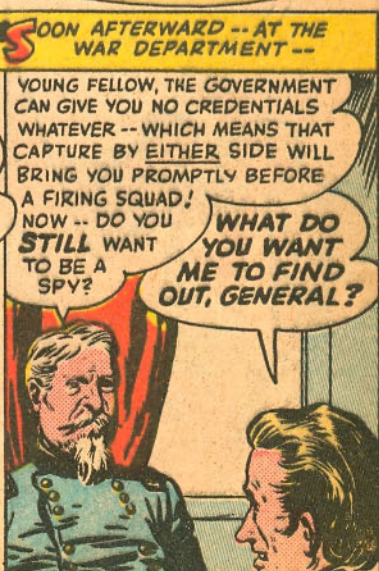
EASY-- I JUST **OBSERVED** THE CALLOUS ON HIS RIGHT HAND FROM TOTING THE HEAVY MUSKET USED BACK IN THOSE DAYS! BESIDES-- THE ONLY WEAPON THAT COULD HAVE MADE THAT TRIANGULAR SCAR ON HIS JAW IS A **MEXICAN BAYONET!**

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE GENERAL SCOTT **NOW**, BAKER?

SOON AFTERWARD-- AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT--

YOUNG FELLOW, THE GOVERNMENT CAN GIVE YOU NO CREDENTIALS WHATEVER-- WHICH MEANS THAT CAPTURE BY EITHER SIDE WILL BRING YOU PROMPTLY BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD! NOW-- DO YOU **STILL** WANT TO BE A SPY?

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO FIND OUT, GENERAL?



BAKER WAS GIVEN THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF SLIPPING INTO RICHMOND -- CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY -- TO OBTAIN INFORMATION ABOUT THE FAMED **BLACK HORSE CAVALRY!** A WEEK LATER -- ALONG A DUSTY VIRGINIA ROAD --

ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD VENTURE INSIDE THE CONFEDERATE LINES WITH A **CAMERA** -- AND THAT'S THE PART I'M GOING TO PLAY FROM NOW ON -- A HARMLESS, HOPELESS, DYED-IN-THE-WOOL **IDIOT!**



MEETING A CONFEDERATE REGIMENT -- BAKER COOLLY JOINED THE LINE OF MARCH!

WHAT LODGE DO YOU FELLERS BELONG TUH, ANYWAY? MEBBE I'LL JINE UP -- THEM'S RIGHT FANCY UNIFORMS!

THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE TENTH VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS, MISTER! STRING ALONG WITH US -- YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A LOT OF INTERESTING PICTURES AFTER WE TRAP THE FEDS ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER!



DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR GOING ON, YOU SIMPLETON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE WITH THAT CAMERA?

WAR?
YUH MEAN THE HONEST-TUH-GOODNESS **FIGHTIN' KIND?**

BY GUM -- I WAS **WONDERIN'** WHAT ALL THIS MARCHIN' AND DRUMMIN' WAS FER! CAN I TAKE YORE PITCHER, CAP'N?

YOU **COULD** BE THE WORST HALF-WIT IN VIRGINIA -- AND THEN AGAIN, YOU **MIGHT** BE THE SLICKEST SPY IN THE YANKEE ARMY!

I KIN SEE YUH WERE JEST PULLIN' MUH LEG WHEN YUH SAID **YORE** REGIMENT WAS THE BEST ONE IN VIRGINIA! WHY -- THEM FELLERS HAVE **MUCH BIGGER GUNS!**

THAT'S THE SOUTH CAROLINA **ARTILLERY**, YOU BLOCKHEAD -- HUSTLIN' TO REINFORCE GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S ARMY!



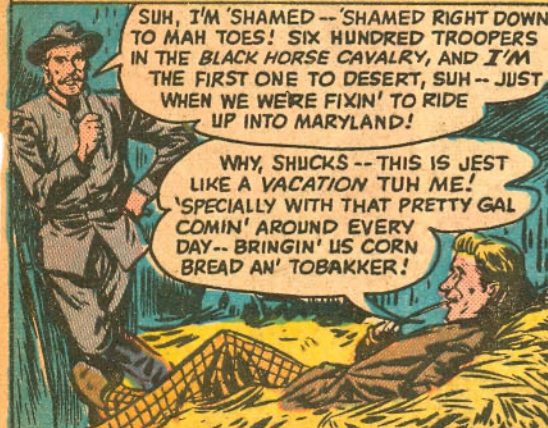
SERGEANT, TAKE THIS MAN TO RICHMOND FOR QUESTIONING -- BY TRAIN!



REACHING RICHMOND -- BAKER WAS PLACED IN A CELL WITH A LARGE GROUP OF PRISONERS! **SOME MIGHT BE PUMPED FOR VITAL INFORMATION -- WHILE OTHERS MIGHT BE CAREFULLY-PLANTED CONFEDERATE AGENTS!**

SUH, I'M 'SHAMED -- 'SHAMED RIGHT DOWN TO MAH TOES! SIX HUNDRED TROOPERS IN THE **BLACK HORSE CAVALRY**, AND I'M THE FIRST ONE TO DESERT, SUH -- JUST WHEN WE WERE FIXIN' TO RIDE UP INTO MARYLAND!

WHY, SHUCKS -- THIS IS JEST LIKE A VACATION TUH ME! 'SPECIALLY WITH THAT PRETTY GAL COMIN' AROUND EVERY DAY -- BRINGIN' US CORN BREAD AN' TOBARKER!



SOME SIXTH SENSE WARNED BAKER AGAINST THE "PRETTY GAL" -- AND ONE AFTERNOON -- IN THE PRISON YARD --

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO YOU! MY SWEETHEART IS A CAPTAIN IN THE SEVENTH NEW YORK REGIMENT -- AND I'VE **GOT** TO JOIN HIM! IF I HELP YOU ESCAPE FROM RICHMOND -- WILL YOU USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO GET ME THROUGH THE FEDERAL LINES?

GOLLY, MA'AM -- I DON'T WANT TO ESCAPE! YUH'D BETTER BE CAREFUL HOW YUH TALK, TOO -- BECAUSE I'VE BEEN KEEPIN' MUH EYES OPEN -- AN' THERE'S A POWERFUL LOT O' **SPIES** IN HERE!



THAT NIGHT, **BELLE BOYD** -- TOP-RANKING SPY OF THE CONFEDERACY -- REPORTED TO PRESIDENT **JEFFERSON DAVIS**!

IF **BAKER** IS A SPY -- HE'S FAR TOO CLEVER FOR THE KIND OF TRAP I TRIED TO SPRING! ALL HE DID WAS GOBBLE CORN BREAD -- SAYING, "MA'AM -- THIS IS THE BEST LITTLE OL' CORN PONE I'VE EATEN SINCE I LEFT KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE!"

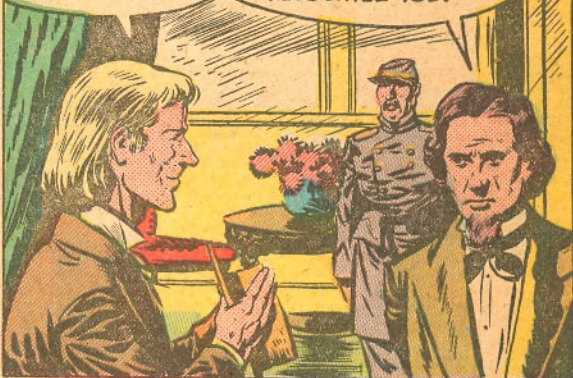
KNOXVILLE, EH? MY DEAR LADY -- I THINK PERHAPS WE CAN TRAP MR. **BAKER**, AFTER ALL!



NEXT DAY --

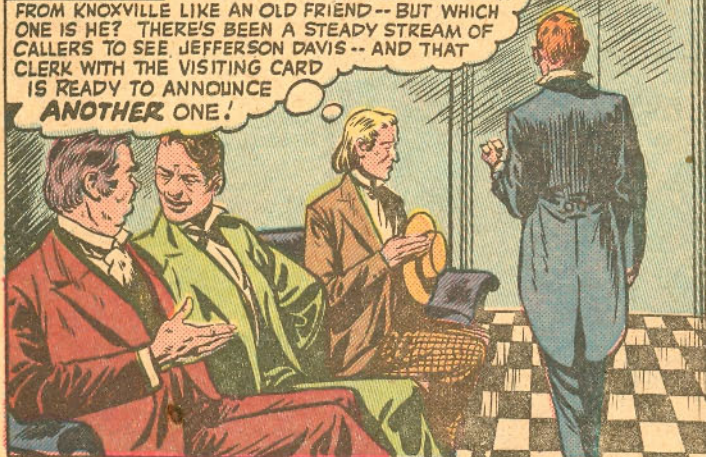
I'M A SIGHT GRATEFUL TO YUH, BOSS -- SETTIN' ME FREE WHEN I DON'T CARRY A SMIDGIN O' IDENTIFICATION!

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY FREE JUST YET, **BAKER** -- BUT BE PATIENT! I'M EXPECTING A VISITOR FROM KNOXVILLE IN A FEW MINUTES -- AND SINCE HE KNOWS **EVERYONE** DOWN THAT WAY -- I'M SURE HE'LL RECOGNIZE YOU!



BAKER HAD BLUFFED HIS WAY INTO A SNARE -- AND NOW -- ONLY STEEL NERVES AND A COLOSSAL **NEW** BLUFF WOULD GET HIM OUT ALIVE!

I WAS ALL SET TO GREET THE MAN FROM KNOXVILLE LIKE AN OLD FRIEND -- BUT WHICH ONE IS HE? THERE'S BEEN A STEADY STREAM OF CALLERS TO SEE **JEFFERSON DAVIS** -- AND THAT CLERK WITH THE VISITING CARD IS READY TO ANNOUNCE **ANOTHER ONE!**



THEN -- FOR A BRIEF SECOND -- **BAKER'S** QUICK GLANCE FELL ON THE CARD!

"**R.O.C.K**" IS PART OF THE NAME -- AND "**V-I-L-L-E**" IS OBVIOUSLY THE **TOWN!** THERE ARE DOZENS OF POSSIBILITIES -- BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE -- AND **GUESS!**



WHEN THE NEXT VISITOR ENTERED --

WHY, MR. **BROCK** -- HOW ARE THINGS GOIN' DOWN IN KNOXVILLE? IMAGINE -- I WAS JEST SITTIN' HERE -- TELLIN' PRESIDENT **DAVIS** YUH **NEVER** FORGET A FACE!

ER -- SON -- YUH'RE RIGHT AS

RAIN -- AN' IT SHORE PLEASURES ME MIGHTILY TUH GREET ONE O' MUH HOME FOLKS!



FREED ON PAROLE -- **BAKER** LOST NO TIME HEADING TOWARD UNION TERRITORY! HE MADE IT BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH -- CROSSING THE **POTOMAC** IN A WATER-LOGGED BOAT!

HE CAN'T BE NOTHIN' BUT A SPY -- HEADIN' FER THE FEDERAL SIDE OF THE RIVER!



I'LL BE OUT OF RANGE BEFORE THEY CAN RELOAD! I'M COMING BACK WITH **PLENTY!**



BAKER'S DETAILED REPORTS LED TO SEVERAL UNION VICTORIES! WITHIN A YEAR, HE WAS A **BRIGADIER-GENERAL** -- IN CHARGE OF MILITARY SECRET SERVICE!

The END

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☐ \$.....purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

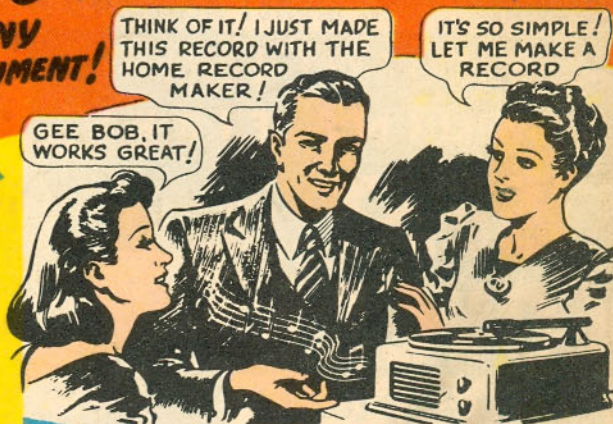
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IT'S SO SIMPLE! LET ME MAKE A RECORD

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M-O-M-M-Y**



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